



p
zine

ISSUE 18

C H A N G E

For anyone fighting for change.



COVER: PA'CIENCIA

See the full work on [page 61!](#)



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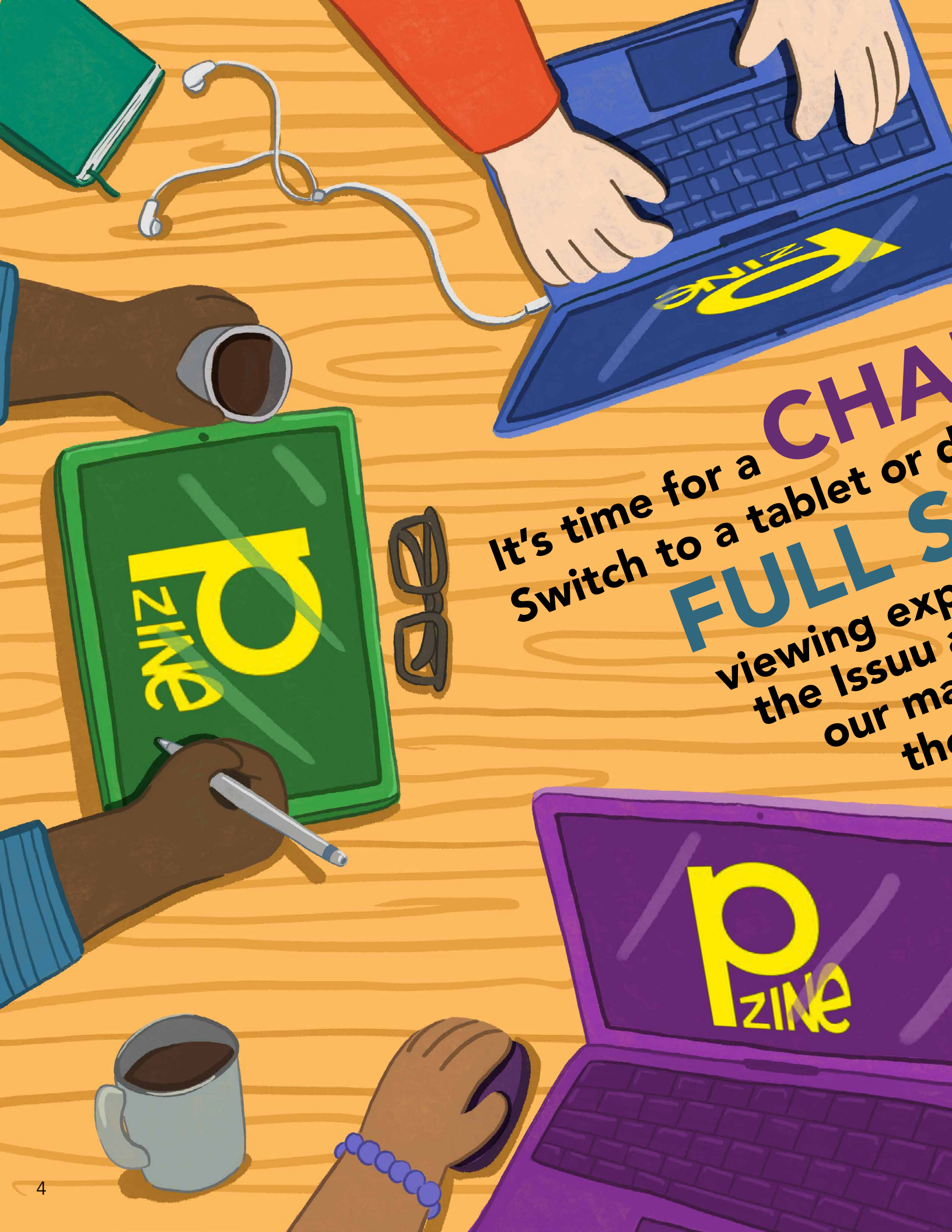
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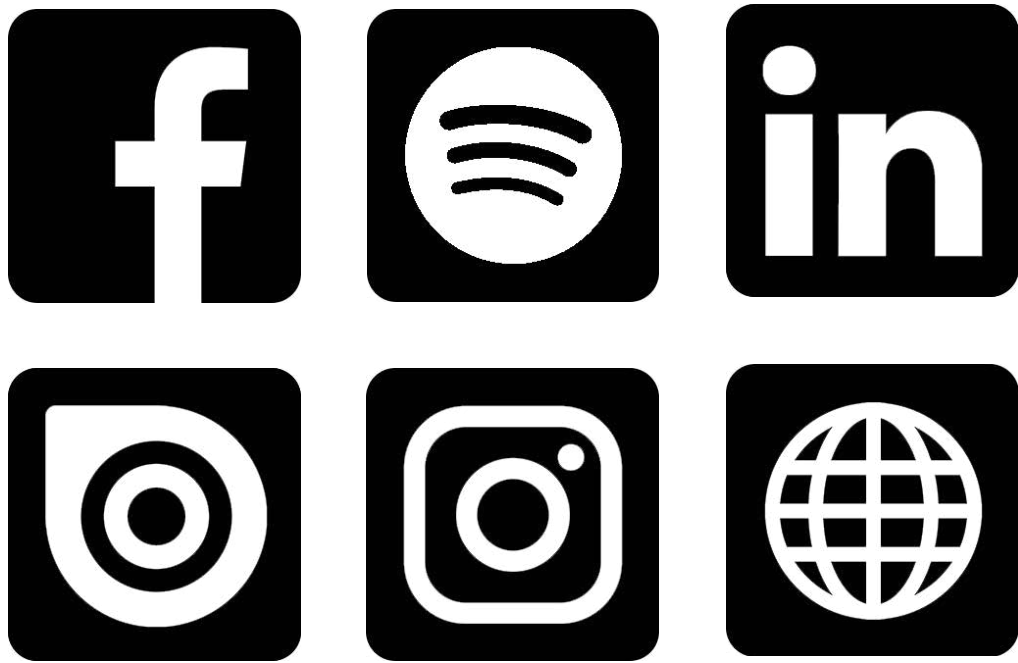
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**@POLEMICAL
ZINE**



DEAR READER...

Some change is big. A career pivot. Baby. A new city, new country – and a new language too.

Some change is small. A new recipe. A fresh coat of paint. Glasses. A trim at the hairdresser your dad doesn't even notice.

Some change is slow. A marriage unravelling. Erosion. Aging. A fight for rights – yours, hers, theirs, and mine.

Some change is fast. Learning lessons. Losing trust. Life after diagnosis. An accident.

A downpour.

Some change is fought for and some fought against. Some won. Some lost. And some still in flux.

To the artists, thank you for changing our perspectives. For being the change you wish to see around you. For using your talents to inspire the next generation of changemakers.

Whether your art changes an emotion. An opinion. A *life*. Whether your art changes others. Or whether it changes you -

Thank you for changing with us these past 18 editions.

I wouldn't change this adventure for the world.

Much love xoxo

Rebecca McLaren

SUNDAY'S ALTAR IN MONDAY'S SHADOW

They brush the scales from their arms, relief flooding over them. Their pores are cleared out; unclogged from words and expectations that have slowly, gathered dust over the many Sundays they have neglected –

no,
not neglected.

Never neglected.

Those Sundays were used to soak and melt the scales, softening them with bubbles, tender murmurs against the skin. The lazy sun peeping through the skylight as past aches melted with the steam spiralling upwards, transcending time and its nagged destination. The finish line, resting in bundles of ribbon as they cloaked themselves with blankets, soothing the newness, raw with unfiltered wonder of this transmutation, a Spring blooming in their lungs as they gulp each, new breath taken.

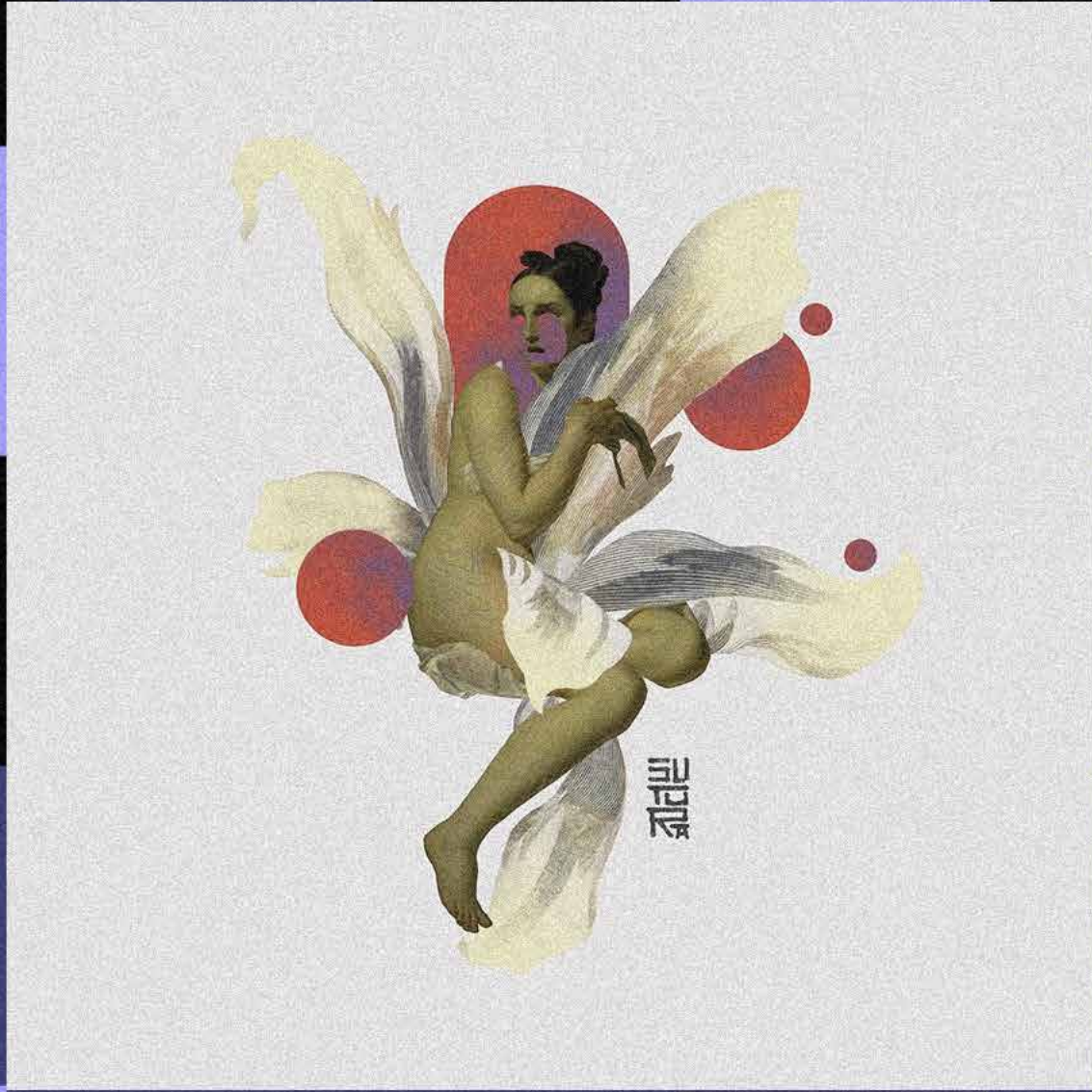
No, Sundays are never that of neglect, rather, they are the fresh linen brought in, and spread, and fitted over corners, tucking in ritualistically to cradle them once the moon lifts her head to kiss the mossy hills, dormant with the dawn of the new day. Their scales scatter into dust, burrowing into soil, planting old notions and patterns they disguise with bright colours and new designs to convince themselves they have evolved.

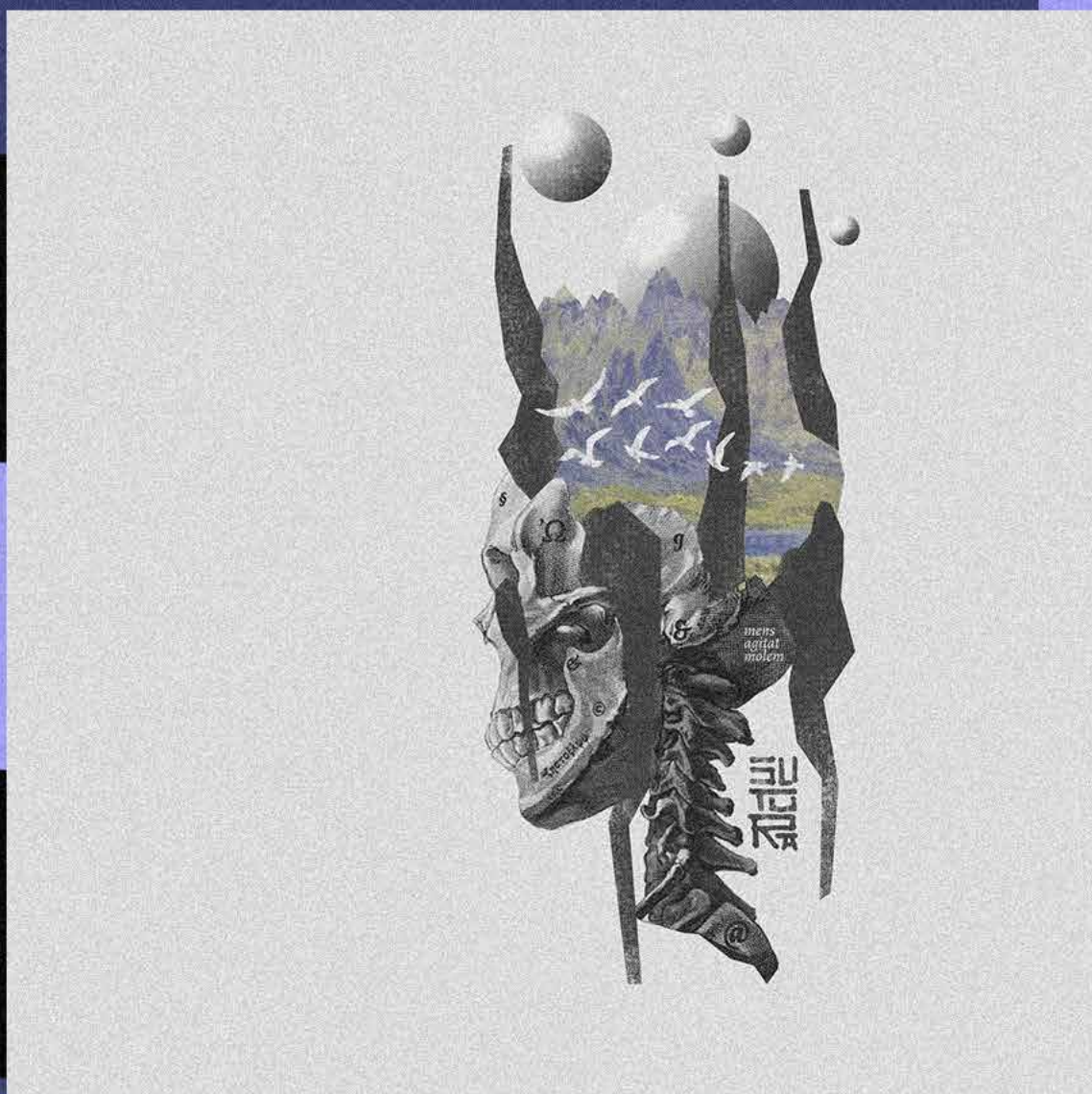
Protostars, webbed with all the possibilities fate can hand them, slowly splitting as they stretch further, constantly yearning and never satisfied with where the red threads knot, until, before they have noticed, they are burst and spilling, supernovas dripping onto the eyes of those not yet woken by the offerings of Sundays. Where the sun melts into the moon, swallowed full, searing her tongue as she coos over the land, sleepy and full, a head of bright colours, she reassures are not merely pretty weeds, but the patience and softness that comes from shedding yesterday, leaving tender skin not yet callused from the wheel's turns.





From winter to spring we see change in all things. The frost on the tips of the grass melts into water to quench the thirst of unborn flowers and the sun burns brighter; warmly welcoming their entrance into existence.





CHANGE

We exchange looks like currency, At a rate
that's ever-changing, Arranging boxes in our
heads, Organising and containing
People into neat square lines Race

☐ Age

☐ Sex

The fabrics of our bodies and clothes
Enough to tell the rest.

We exchange looks like currency, Buying
people with our eyes, Placing a value on our
beings, A price upon our lives.
Yet how much do we know
By four neat straight-edged lines? There's a
wealth of golden bodies That don't meet these
confines.

Still -

We exchange looks like currency, A stock
market in our heads, But I'd rather the pennies
of change Than the millions bigotry spreads.









What We Need

There's no great way to say it. You're always going to sound like a dick, no matter how kind you try to be, or how sweet the lilt of your voice.

A break up can't be easy, and it can't be kind, and it can't be sweet.

"It's not you, it's me" is a cop-out. Of course it's you, and it's also me, and it's the way we don't mesh. It's the way we grate on each other, it's the way you leave me feeling after a fight, and it's the way I leave you in the middle of the night. And the day.

"We're better off as friends" is a lie. We're better off as distant acquaintances, who only run into each other at the grocery store or occasionally like a picture on Facebook. We're better off not seeing each other's names light up on our phones, because we both know the dread that built in our chests with every chime. We're better off seeing as little of each other as possible.

"I just don't love you in that way" is an understatement. I just don't love you at all. I just can't bring myself to love you. If you honestly fail to see all of the ways that we clash, all of the ways that we poison each other's lives day by day, then you're even more caught up in this illusion than I was.

But I've fallen out of it, I've seen the truth, and I know there's better people out there. For both of us. Neither of us are the villain, we're each other's wrong choice at the beginning of the story. We had to be together to reach the next point in our lives, we had to hurt each other so we can heal into better versions of ourselves.

We have to break up to move on, to find our better futures, to reach our potentials.

There's no great way to say it, but I hope you understand.

A break up can't be easy, and it can't be kind, and it can't be sweet.

But it can be necessary, it can be good, and it can be freeing.

ATMOSFEAR

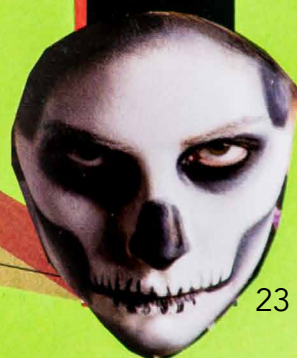
BY SEIGAR

This collage series explores the concepts of cancel culture, censorship, control, propaganda, and the manipulation of the media and social networks. The intention is to show, expose and denounce these dangerous issues, and the need to fight for freedom. The inspiration can be found in the situations people are experiencing in their everyday life and the vigilant processes of personal data. Pop images of hard oppressions and clear statements were used to reinforce the atmosphere of fear. Stop it! Everybody should live with no fear. The world is in our hands. Together and free.



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PROFESIÓN	
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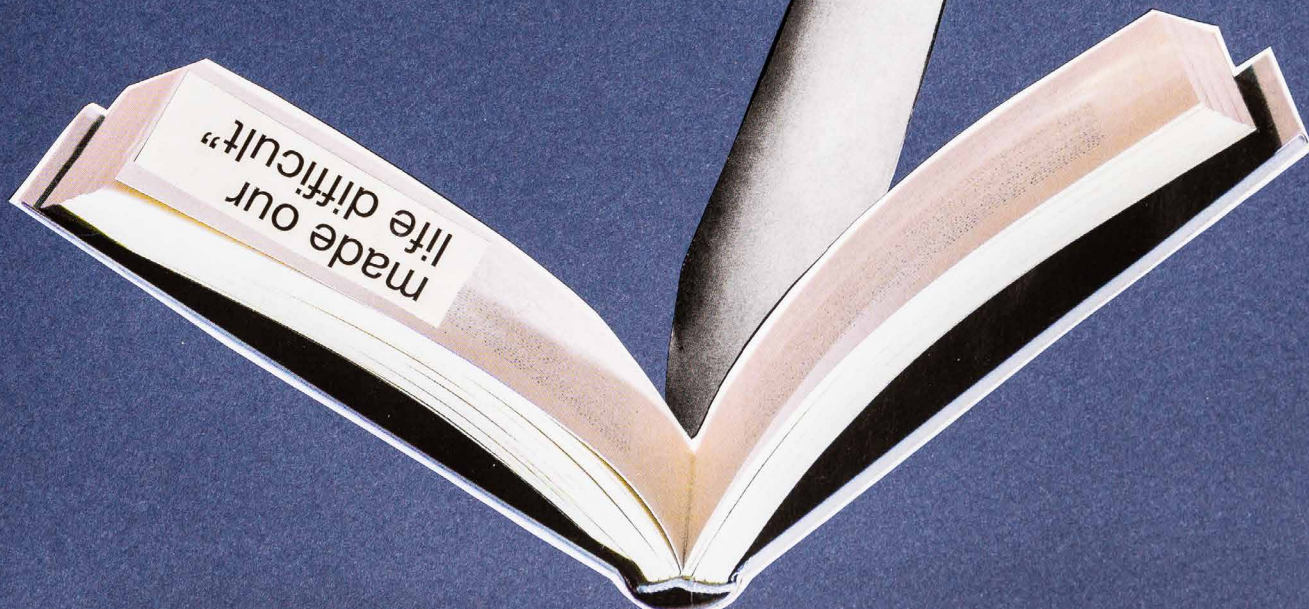
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new bold ideas



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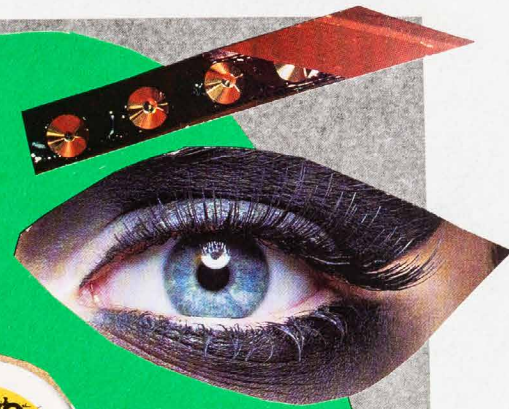




**Tu colaboración
resulta inestimable
para nosotros**



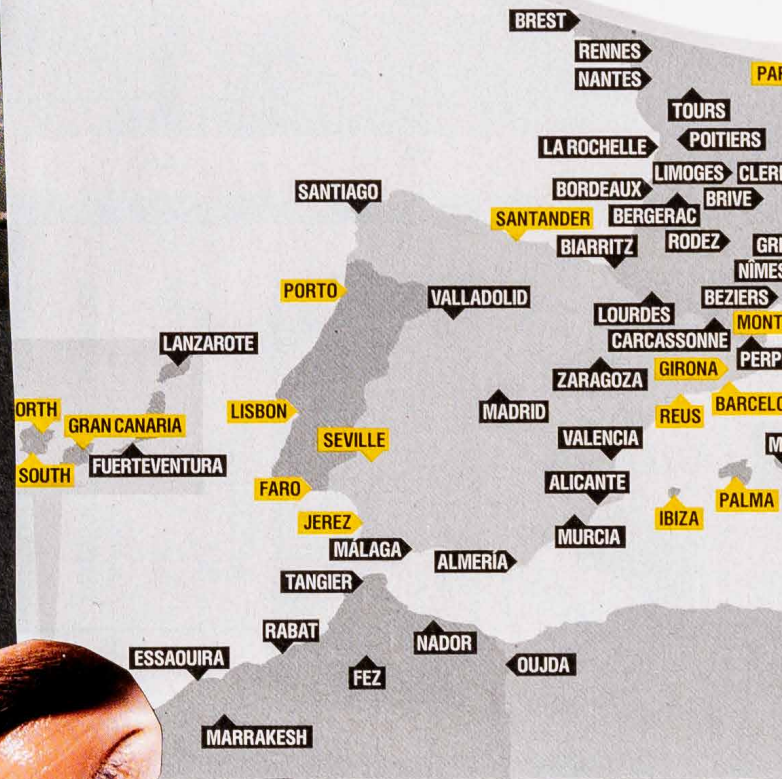
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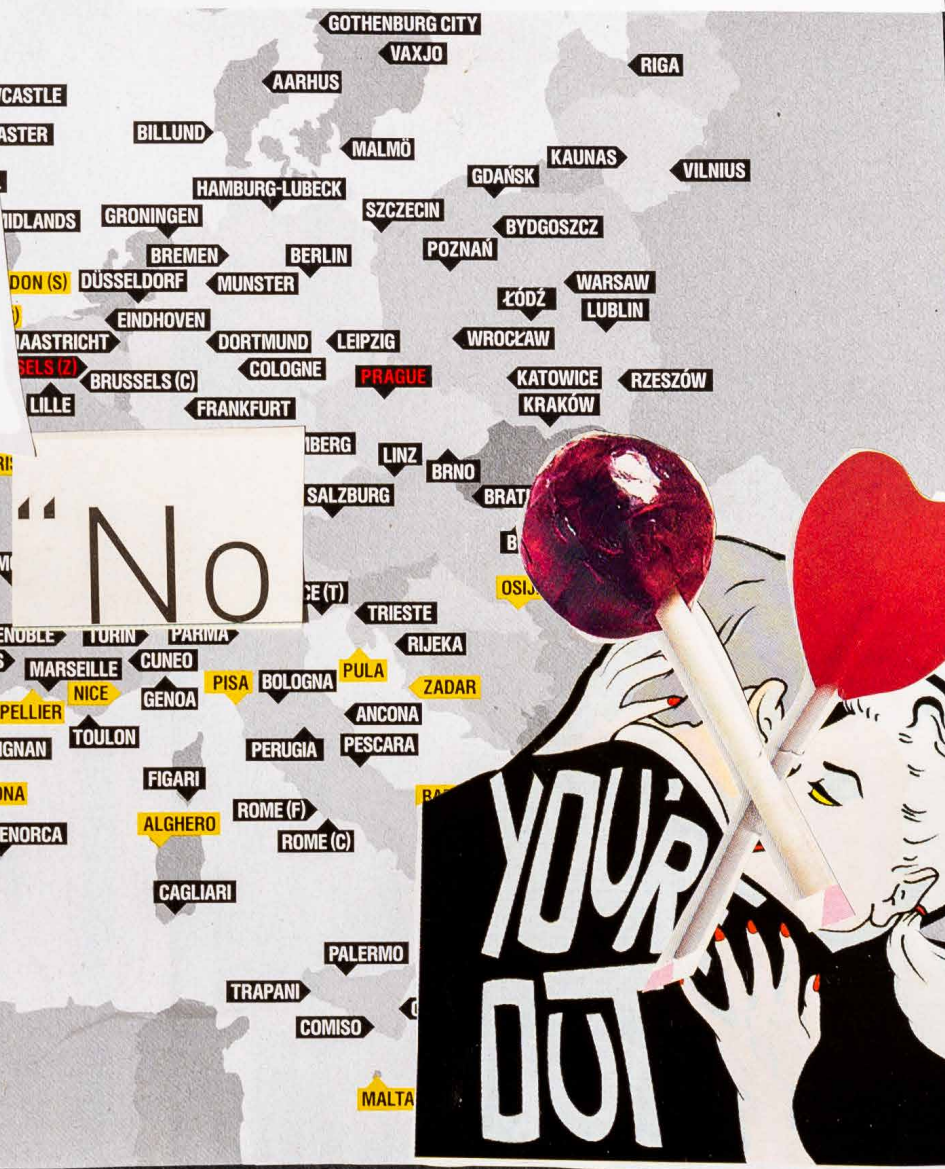
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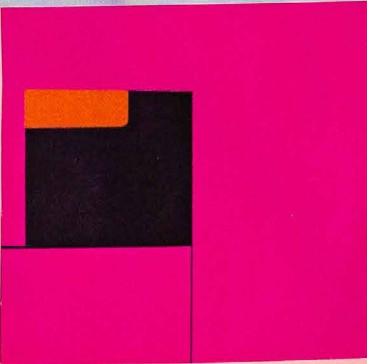
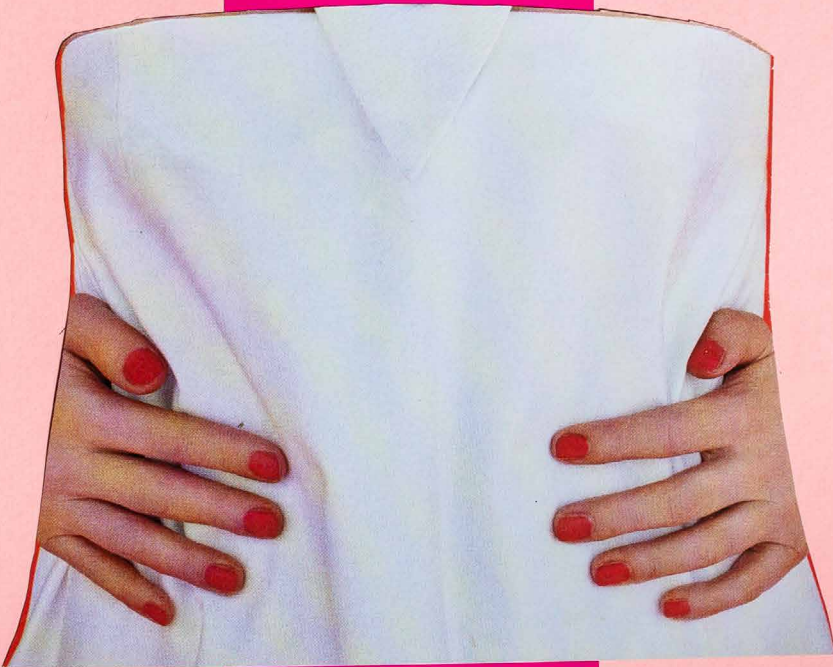
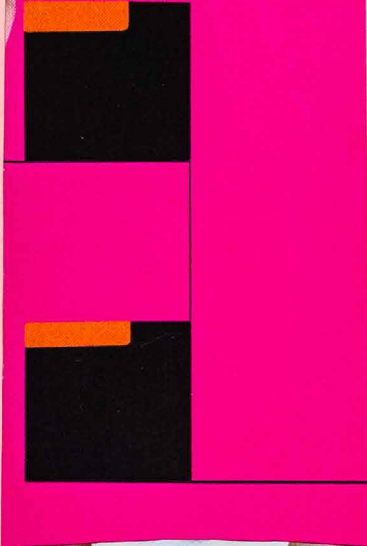
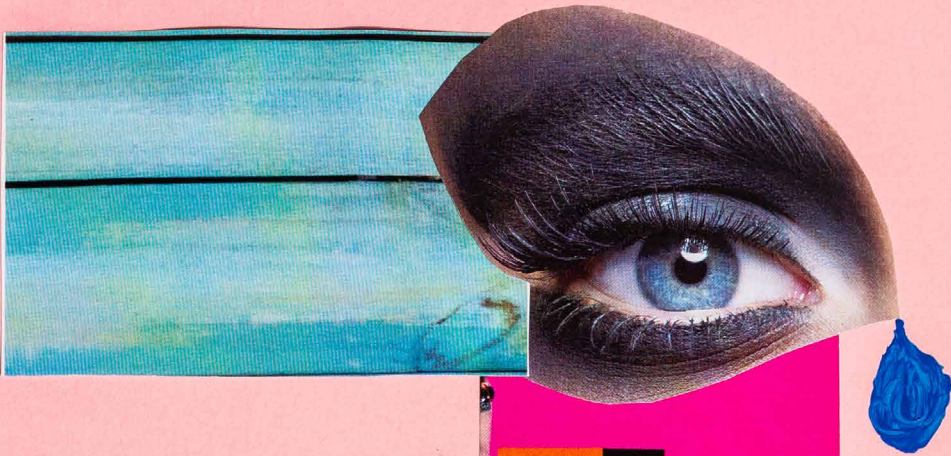
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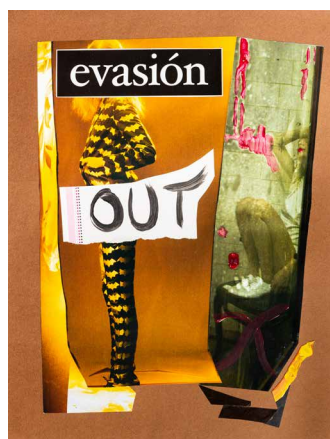
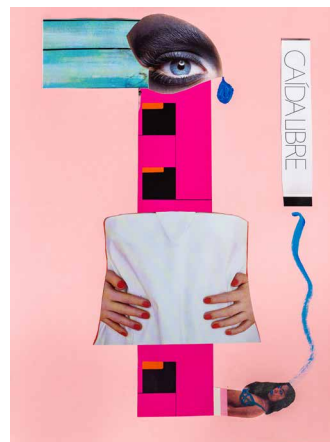
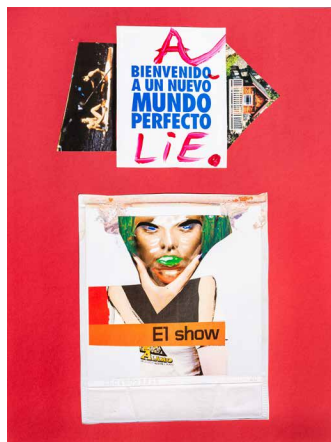
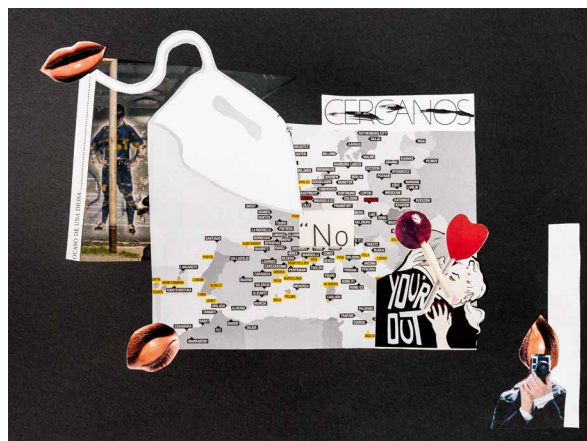
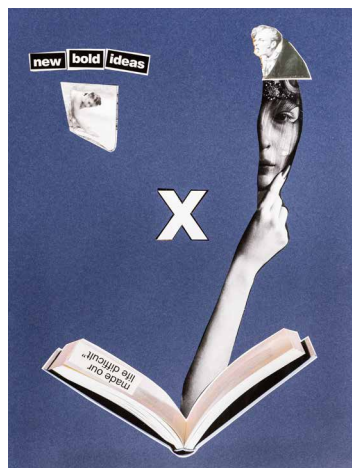
CAÍDA LIBRE





evasión

OUT





WHAT'S YOUR NAME AGAIN?

Everything is sex, sex is everywhere.

From the simple conversation between a boss and his employee to the look of a person crossing the street, fashion magazines, clubbing outfits or the multitude of dating apps, everything is erotic.

CLEANING DAY IN KRAKOW



The Enigmatic Fringe of Existence

I have been here, continually, for years - my relief etched onto the dignified, enduring walls and windows that are the portals of mercy and forgiveness.

Each recess of mine the consequence of silent patience and the account of progress & loss.

I protested not once, while being devout to my cause. What was shaped is a bright flame called love, and this flicker began with every nail struck into my structure and pressed through into my walls.

I have been obscured in the whitewash of time. My frame has the odor of dank, the smell of age. My windows no longer catch light, my walls are foundation weary.

None wished to reside in me any longer. None believed that I am secluded, enduring the sluggish demise of mankind. They have forsaken and forgotten me.

Now, I am abandoned and isolated, and only know that the past connections are permanent.

Perhaps my doors will be closed for many a century, my walls will become crooked, but can we leave a house unoccupied forever?

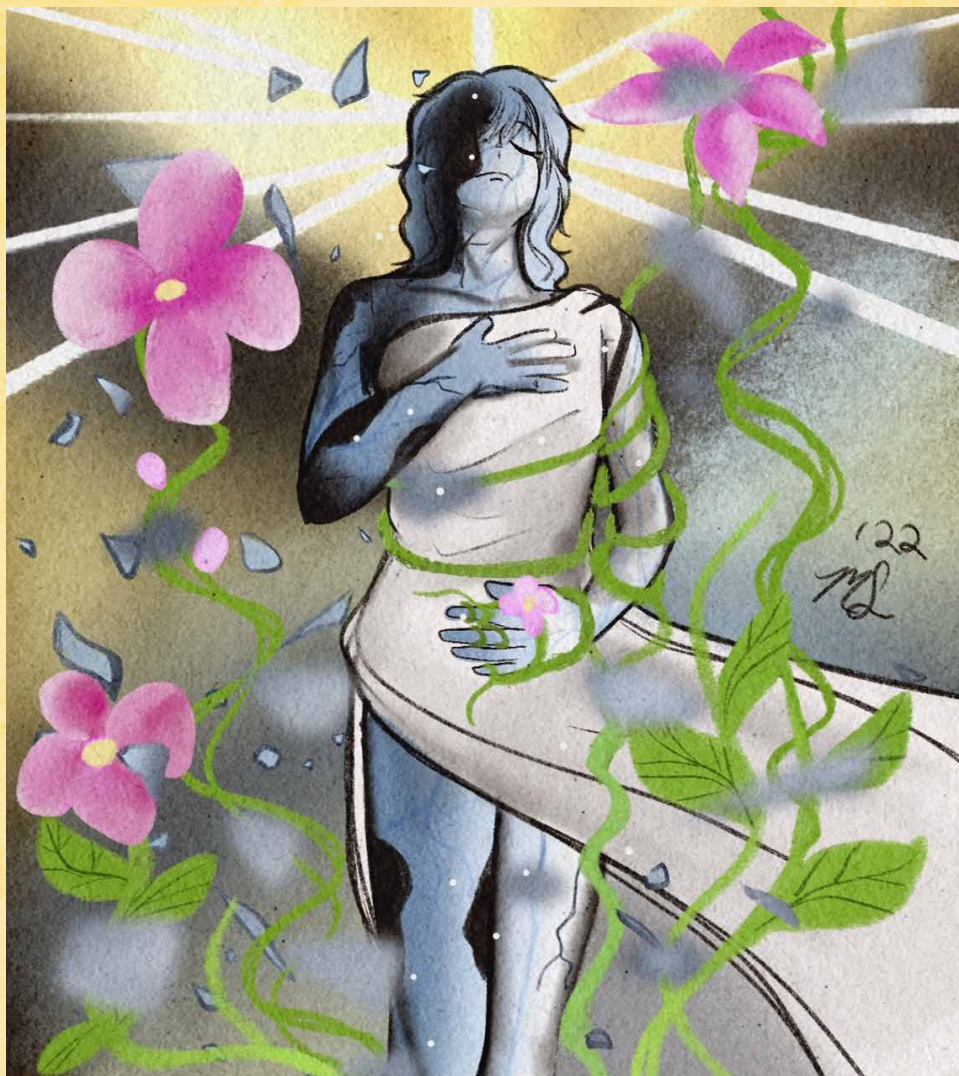








My Healing Process



This is a self-expression (or a self-portrait of myself) about when things get intense, ups and downs, and being on and off in my healing process (after the pieces have broken many times). Things are good until things turn bleak at the last minute, every time, including traumas/wounds I haven't recovered from & inner ableism I've struggled with since my childhood - even as recently as today and a few years ago. The pose was inspired from my photo in August 2021 where I was doing the embodiment dance for the first time and meditating/breathing between my heart and my womb.

Happy Change



Whenever you are not happy,
you have the option to change it!



Explorer.EXE



Luke Young is a writer, bibliophile, proletarian and factotum. He is of mixed Indigenous and European American heritage. He grew up among Southeast Asian war refugees in the states of Washington and California before moving to Cambodia where he lived for a cumulative of seventeen years.

OK

Recipients

CLEANING UP OLD EMAILS

I see a world of words
People I trusted
Kept in contact with
Shared information to
Attached writings for
For what
Where did this get me?
Most of them are gone now
Dead
Silent
Off-grid
Pursuing their own lives
Detached from me as most eventually do

It's hard to commit anymore
I know I'm hard to communicate with
It's all the thousands of emails exchanged
Which sucked me dry and left me numb
Struggling to respond to those that are left

↶ ↷ Sans Serif ▼ ↑↓ ▼ **B** *I* U A ▼ ☰ ▼ ☷ ☷ ☷ ☷ ▼

Send

A

COMING OUT BURGER

Within this work I explore the cultural overlap of being vegetarian and a part of the LGBTQ+. The fragility of our societal constructs affiliated within our food culture in what they portray; suggesting superfluous associations which I believe should be scrutinised and dismantled. The mantra 'We are What We Eat' has become too significant.

Milly Aburrow (she/her) is a current undergraduate Fine Art student studying at Bath Spa University. Her practice currently evolves exploring gender, sexuality and stereotypes associated with food, embedded within our society. Which has occurred throughout history and still occurs today. Philosopher G.W.F Hegel connects gender and food in his 1820 book "Elements of the Philosophy of Right", in which he states: "The difference between men and women is like that between animals and plants. Men correspond to animals, while women correspond to plants because their development is more placid". Discovering through her present body of work that societal constructs have subconsciously changed their consumerism, determined by her queer identity and sexuality, resulting in vegetarianism, she has begun to scrutinise the superfluous associations within our everyday sustenance. The naive, tacky and flamboyant disposition of her sculptures proposes connotations of irony with these notions, challenging the overarching patriarchy of western society and breaking down outdated stereotypes.



GAY NUTRITION

This image portrays the sculpture 'Coming out Burger' within a consumerist context. The nature of advertisement and media has sustained and fed stereotypical, unnecessary connotations rendering the food substance as a complication to our own identity. This image creates nostalgia to childhood, shown through the naive, flamboyant, soft and tactile disposition of my sculpture surrounded by saturated imagery reminding me of childhood consumption and fast-food chains. Overall, this fondness of the burger or any food substance should be created through mindless, enjoyable consumption rather than imply a stereotypical connotation and burden the consumer with a label of identity.



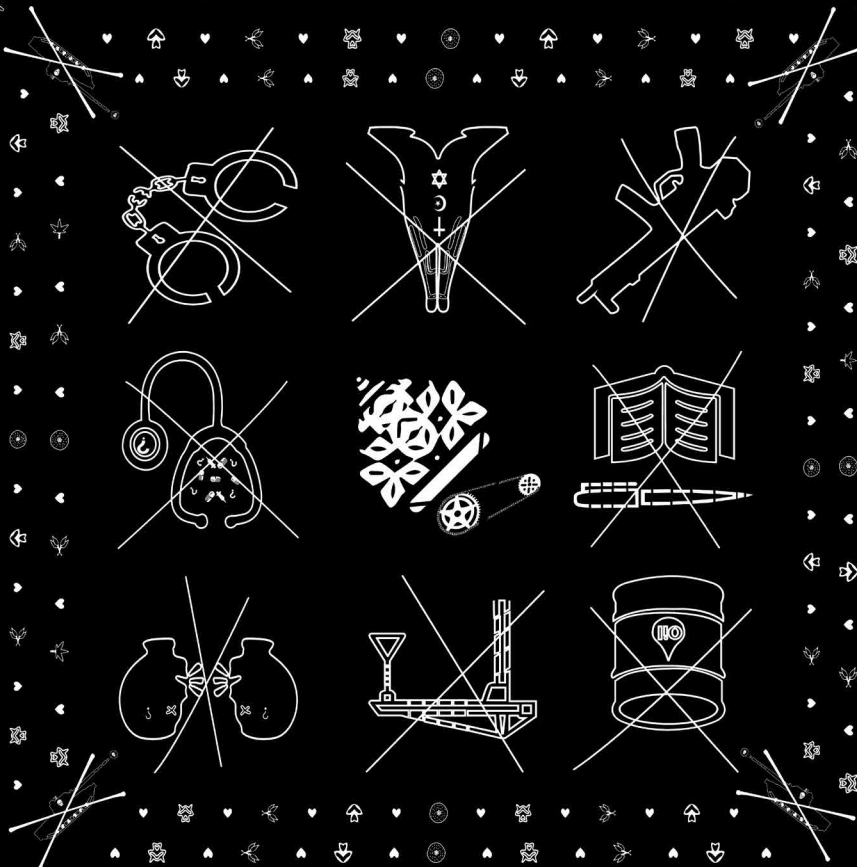
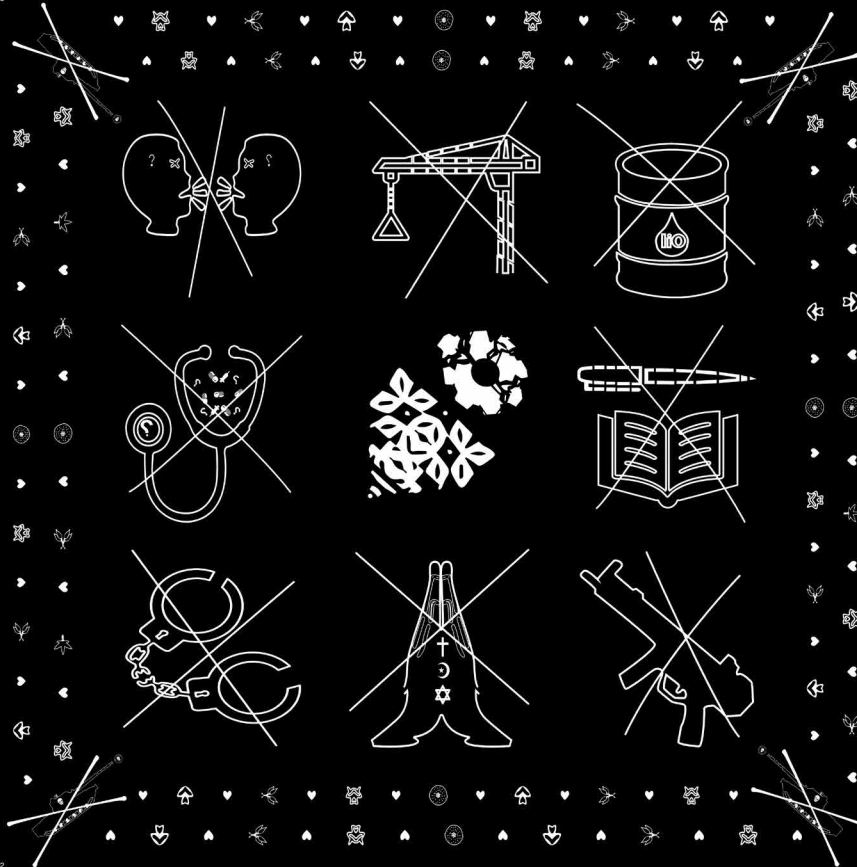


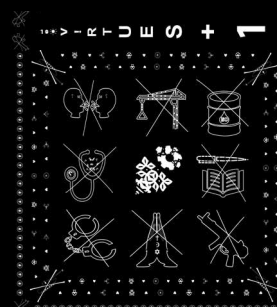
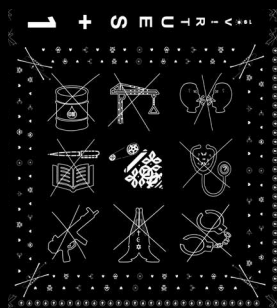
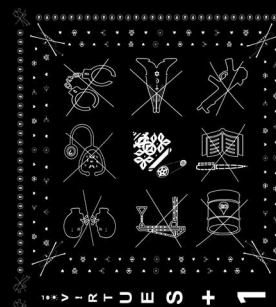
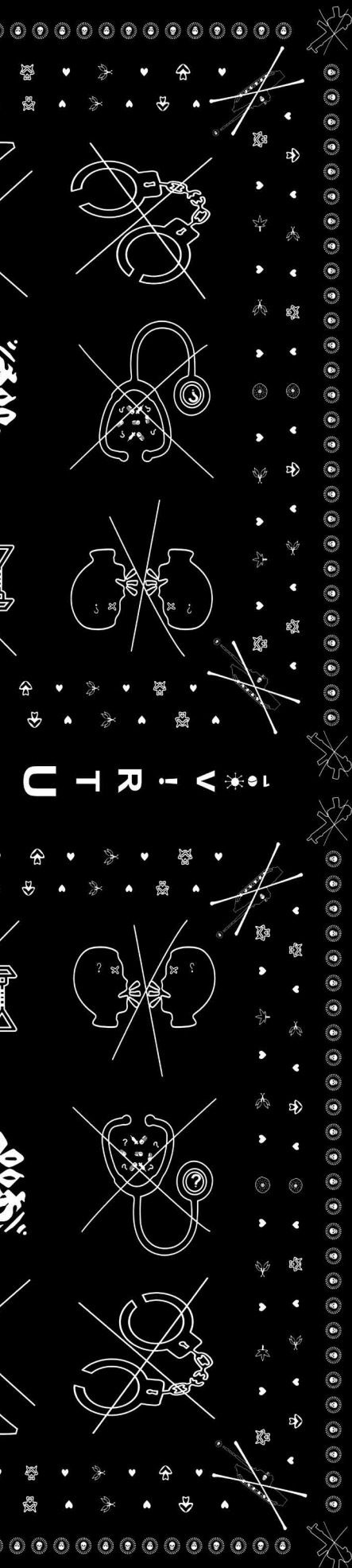
1 ✨ V I R T U E S + 1

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1 ✨ V I R T U E S + 1





So much talk about Mental Health...This has to Change;
See how we walk around with broken gears inside our heads...
This has to Change-It's the Trauma; recurring 'societal triggers'
caused by society's VICES ("X-ed out symbols")-This has to
change!

How?

This 1 of 5 (**X_No Vices_X**) series seeks to show one of the
"Agents of Change" that brings LOVE back to HEART with
Plants Sacraments & Psychedelics.
LOVE is ONE VIRTUE; so is HEART..
MIND deserves another called PEACE..
This is more than ART but a MESSAGE for who so ever sees it.

Brenzy makes her return with a fun-loving, Neo-Soul/Pop song, "brunch." "brunch" is Brenzy's second release of the year, which was preceded by her captivating single, "180." Brenzy utilizes her powerful, sultry vocals to deliver the perfect weekend anthem.

"brunch" is true to its name. The track delves into Brenzy's ideal brunch scenario. The songstress discusses her daydream of having a group of girlfriends to spend her Sundays with. As she fantasizes about bottomless mimosas and extravagant views, "brunch" uses its bright sounds and infectious melodies to perfectly encapsulate the feeling of all Brenzy wants - to go to brunch. The jam's empowering, carefree nature blended with a catchy, bouncy beat create the perfect musical cocktail.

"brunch" was produced by the very talented producers Jesse Barrera and Patrick Hizon. The two also served as co-writers along with Brenzy herself and Albert Posis. Brenzy is currently filming a music video for "brunch" slated to drop soon. While we wait for the sure to be infatuating visual, grab your crew, sip your mimosas, and enjoy "brunch."

Brenzy is a Virginia-bred, L.A.-based Pop/R&B singer-songwriter and musician. Brenzy pairs her soulful vocals with elements of classic Funk, and modern Pop and R&B sounds. She has been killing the stage for well over a decade, performing in numerous venues in major cities and regions such as the DMV, New York, Philadelphia, and Phoenix. Brenzy recently showcased her vocal prowess at Breaking Sound Los Angeles. She has also been featured in various media outlets, and has accumulated over half a million streams and amassed a sizable social media following. The 22-year-old songstress is taking over '22.



PHOTOS: LEO CABAL - @LEOCABAL

B R E N Z Y



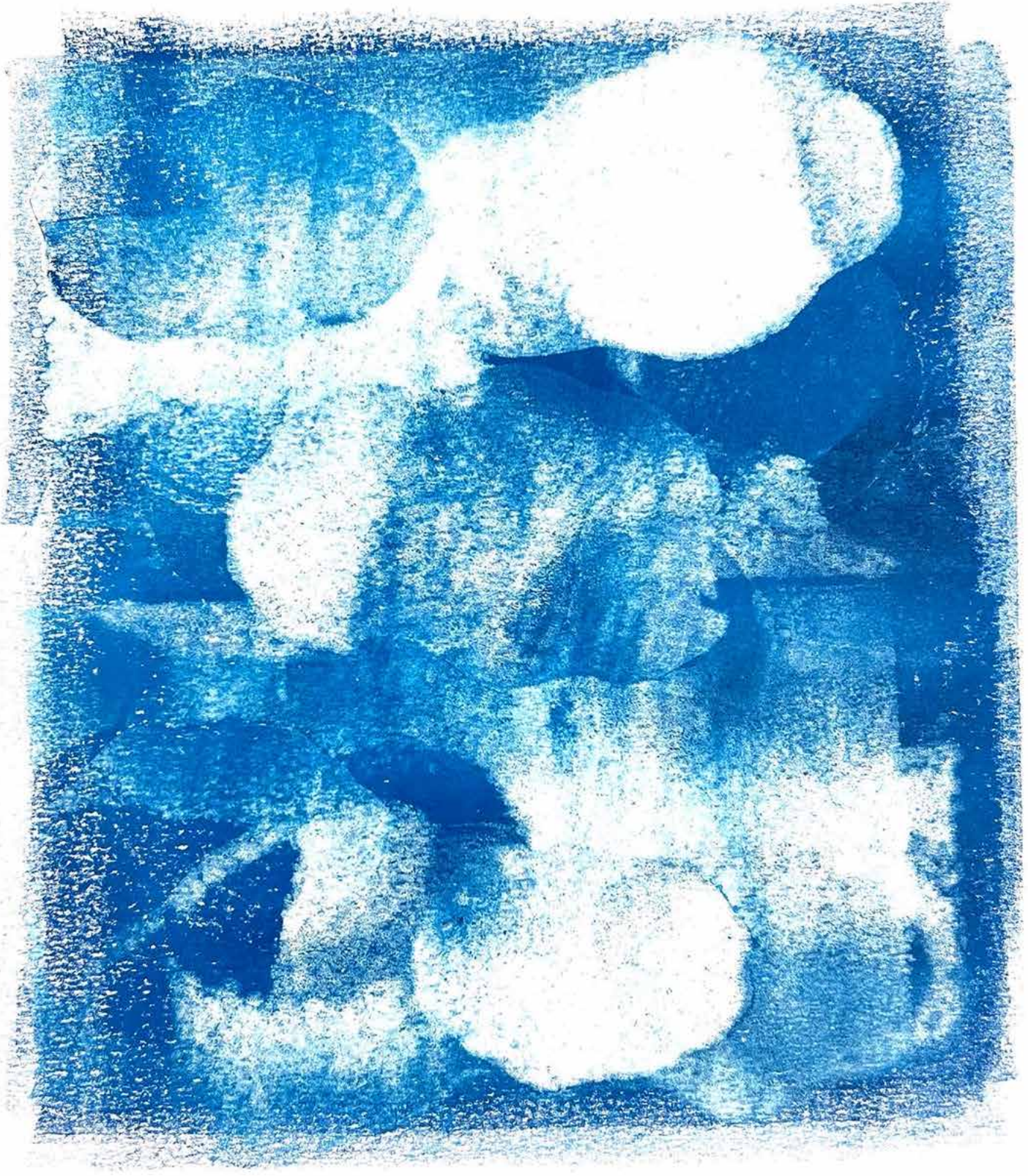
BRUNCH

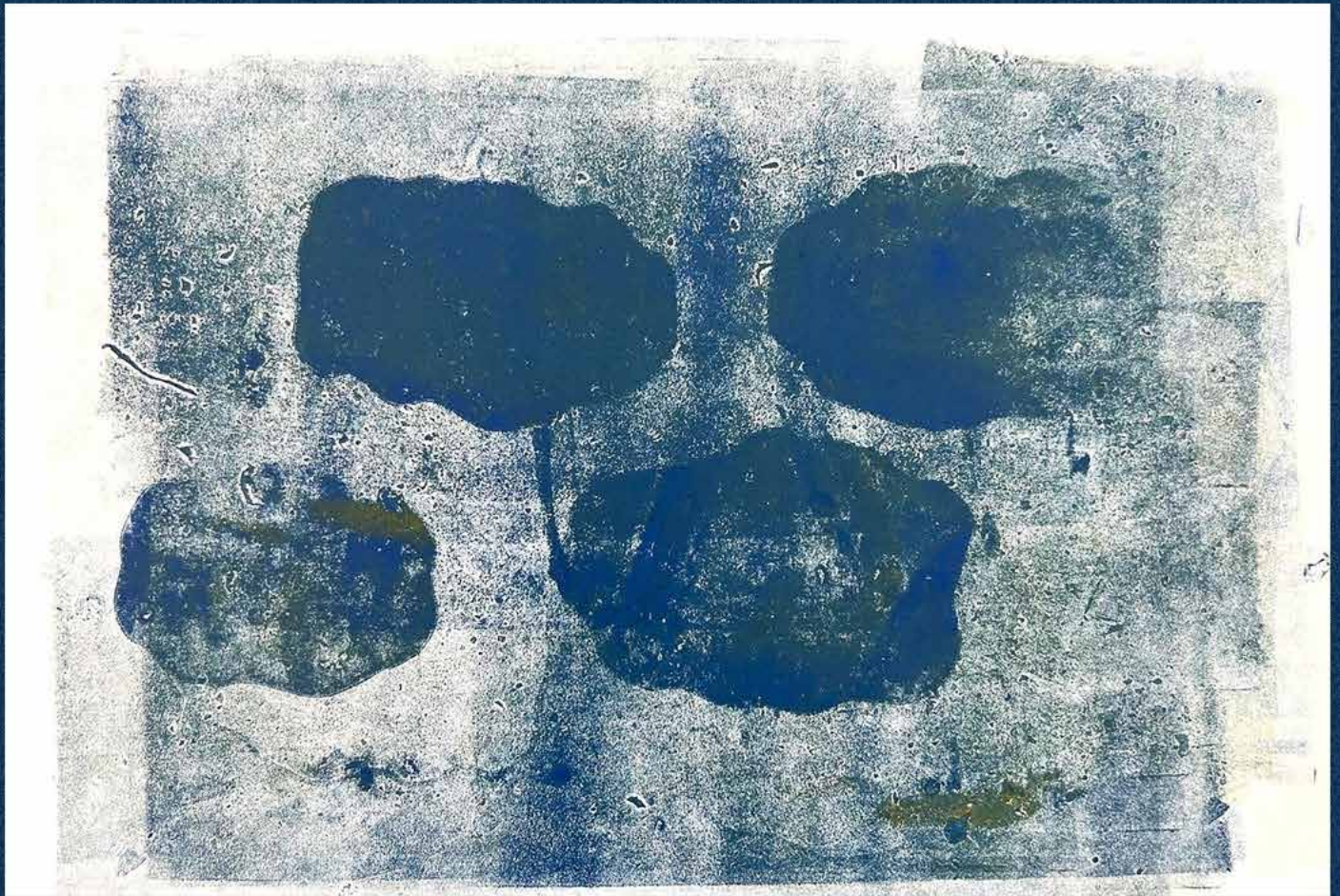
LISTEN ON SPOTIFY







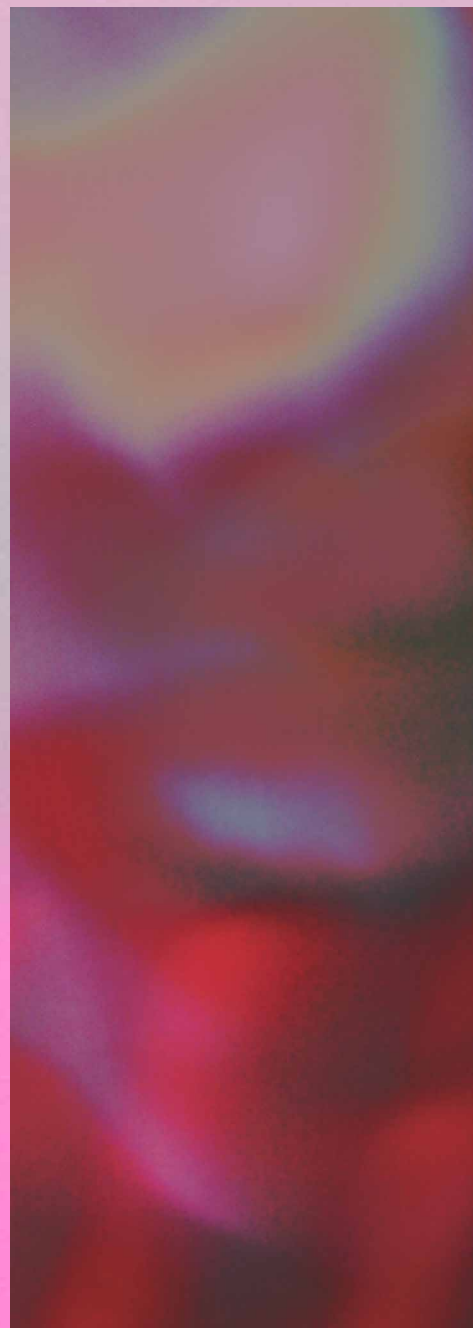
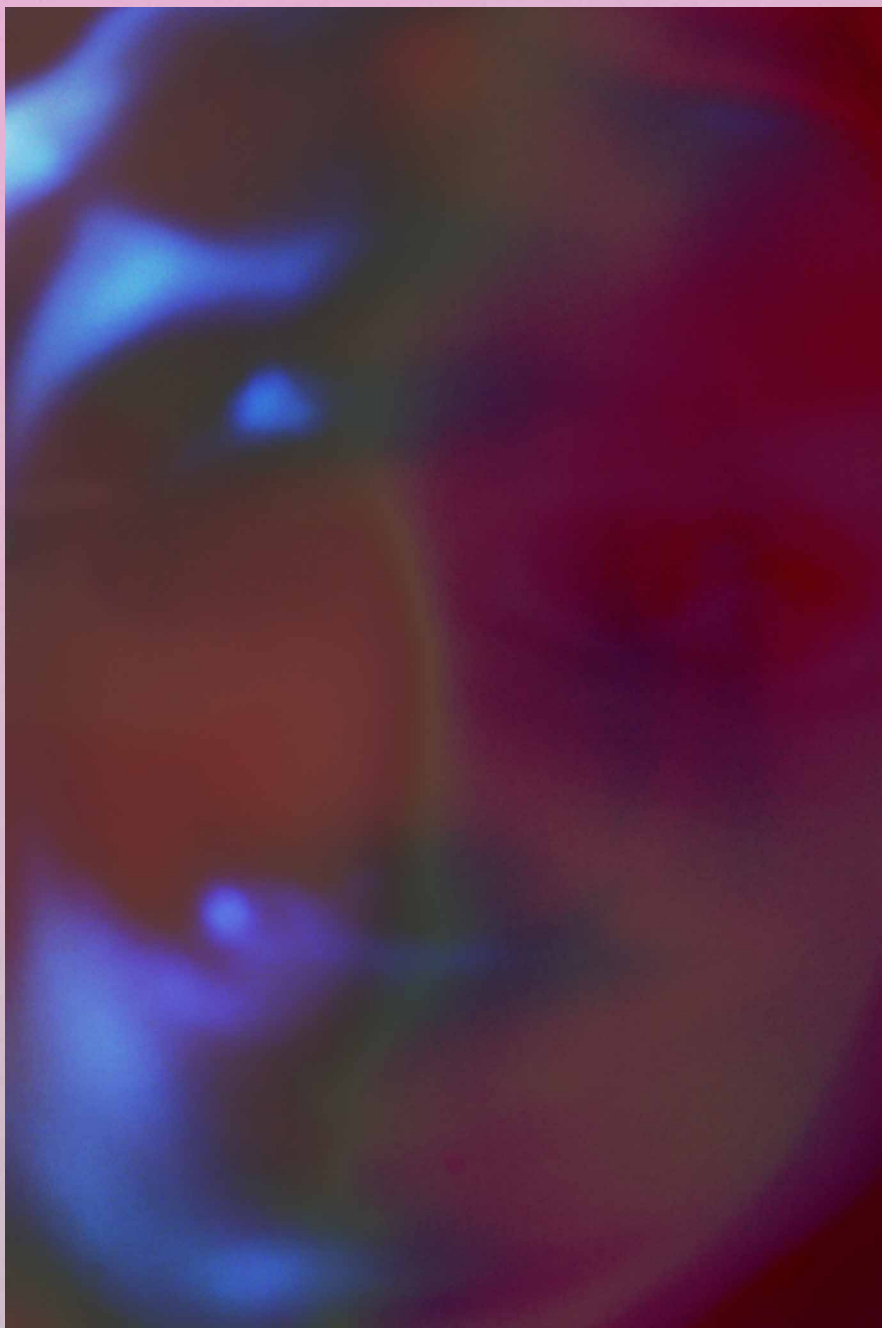




I'm Erin Williams, a Black artist and creative currently based in St. Louis. I specialize in drawing, abstract acrylics, and printmaking. My work has been featured in various newsletters and sites, exhibited through several galleries online and in person across the country, and I am currently earning my MFA in Illustration and Visual Culture program at Washington University in St. Louis. I have also led workshops and painting classes and am a member of Solas Studio in New York City.

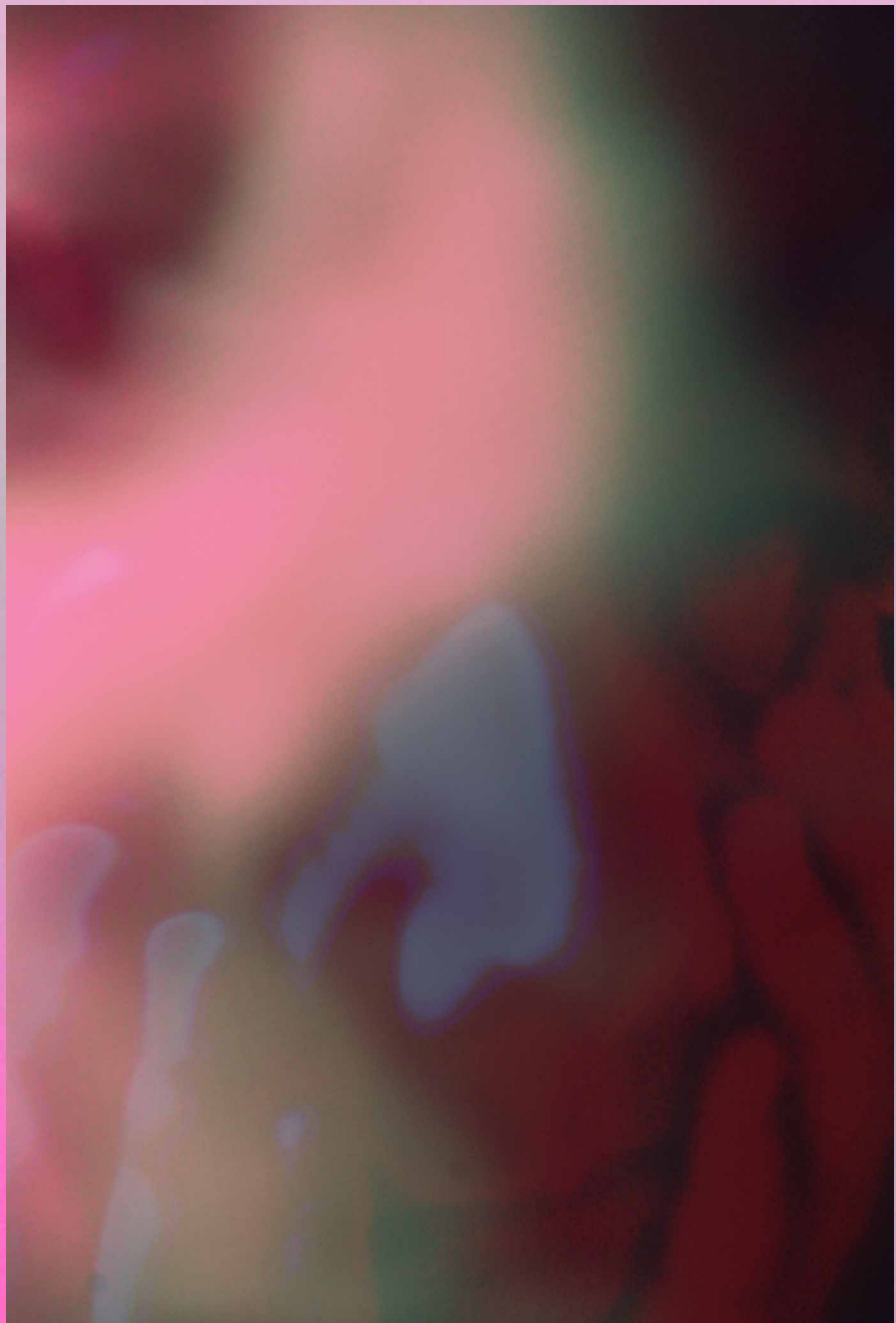
R O S

"Rosso" is a creative portrait project showcasing how we see ourselves. We think we are fine and happy, but in reality you



SSO

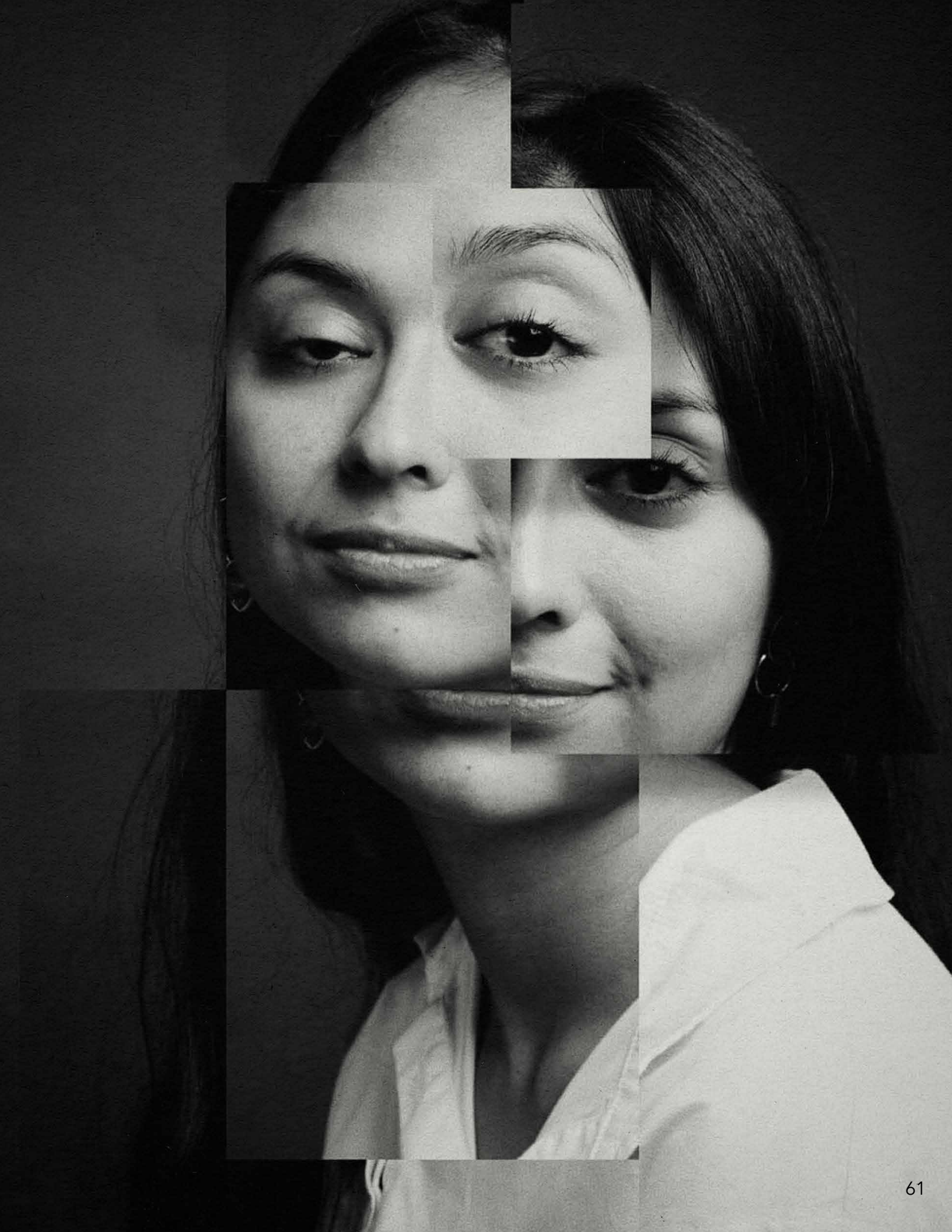
ing the duality of a person. People can act as
don't know what's going on inside them.



Pa' ciencia

Migration is growing at an incredible speed. In this photographic work, I show how I've learned to let go of my past life to open the doors for change.



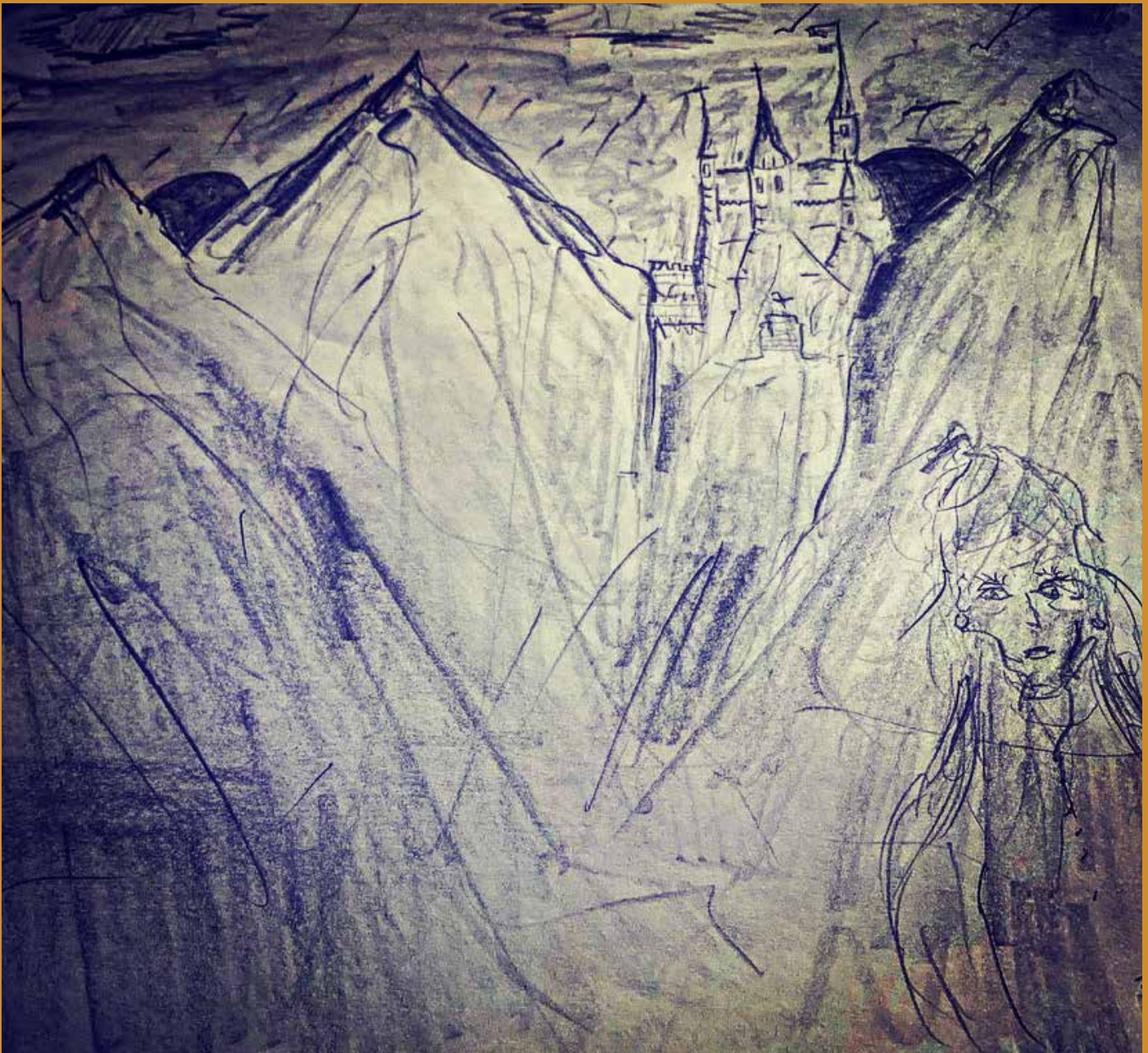


Chloe at the Castle

Chloe at the Castle, a short story in five parts,- episode one,- the distant castle in the mountain~ where the world ended, or seemed to end, for a traveller's eye could only see at the purlieu fields and mountains and sky and no sign of man or woman or their architecture and infrastructure, there was not too far beyond, a castle. in the world, as w/almost anything, there were bigger castles and smaller castles and this was as that goes, a smaller castle. but, a castle nevertheless it was, and it was Chloe's castle. some people claimed to be able to see it, and others said, 'No, it is just your imagination, projection, and there is nothing there. You are taking shadows and ridges and the way the sun plays with the earth and making something up in your mind.' but it was there. Chloe's Castle was there. unseen because it was small and built so well into the mountain on a plateau or unseen through some magic as rumoured in towns and villages, it was there. maybe you could only see such a

castle if you were ready, and had a clean enough heart or were spiritually refined. or maybe you could only see Chloe's castle if, like Chloe, who we shall talk more about later, you were a magician and mystic, and one containing enough light and love in and about yourself. ~~~

Chloe at the Castle, a short story in five episodes~ part two, Chloe meets a Shapeshifter/ long and different was that winter. storms that went on for days and nights whereas in the past a storm would last a day or a single night. being a seer and intuitive, and practiced in the ancient arts that her mother and father had taught her years before, she knew without going to the world that there was extra trouble upon the earth. yet she was not omniscient, not a god, and being also just a person she didn't know what it was. a coyote came to near her window and stood upon a parapet. though friend with all animals and nature, there was



something wrong with this animal. 'Who are you,' asked Chloe, and the coyote said telepathically the opposite of the true. 'I am a being of love and light, and I am a peaceful messenger. i would like to be around here, for this is a good place, and I am happy to meet you Chloe.' and though there is an old saying that there is no sound sweeter than one's own name, Chloe did not like the coyote knowing or saying her name. 'How do you know my name,' she inquired. 'C'mon, Chloe, I know, and we are alike.' and inside the aura and eyes there was something wrong, something

off, for the coyote was a liar, and not of the light. 'Go away from here, I am centred in divinity and goodness, and take my direction only from Source.' and the light leaked out then from the ominous sky and the coyote did not like the light, was bothered by the highest light. suddenly it turned and yelped, its eyes dark,- too dark for any person or animal. eyes should not be that dark, thought Chloe, and they betray some kind of malevolence and trickery. she closed the drapes and went away from the windows to her books and study. she would have to pray and

meditate in order to clean the air and then make plans if this sort of thing was to happen again. later, looking down below from the castle window, she saw the valleys and fields clouded, opaque for the snow and weather, yes, but perhaps another layer of something that had visited the earth. ~~~

Chloe at the Castle, a short story in five parts~ episode three, Chloe has a Visitor. the old hermit magician, looking grandfatherly and with long flowing grey beard, knocked upon the castle door. she could see and welcomed him right away. 'Old man,' she said, 'friend of my father, come in and warm yourself by the fire. i could have come to see you if needed, and you should not have made the journey,' and the elder walked in and sat in a chair. 'Chloe, there is not much time to talk. i have to leave in a short while. i came to tell you that when the sun goes down today it shall not come up for ten days. dark forces are trying to take over the world. untoward. ugly. power seeking. you must shelter yourself and use all the prayers and amulets, all the potions strongest and righteous as you can muster. hopefully the light will win. we are the light. we are practitioners of the light. it is for us to pray and work like never before..' and he paused and looked out the big glass window at the sun. 'You can stay old man, and take refuge here, us working together.' but the man left and called one last thing, saying 'For nobody else open the door. close it and go far inside. pray Chloe. pray. every bit of light will help the world now.' ~~~

Chloe and the Castle, short story in five parts, episode four, Chloe's Prayers for Light~ the sun had eventually left, going into a secretly sewn pocket into the earth somewhere. Chloe did not go to inner

rooms as the old hermit magician had suggested, but up to the top places in order to confront the darkness. days went past with no actual day. light had said it would take over the earth in recent times and so the darkness got together to fight against such. therefore, though technically day, it remained grey, dark, sometimes completely blackened. she lit candles, and could hear birds loquacious and other animals unsettled. tracks below in the snow. what out there was good? and what out there was not? in a satchel cloth she brought out beads, some spices, and a special candle. an old paper blank and a writing tool. breathing deeply she began to talk and to write. but she only spoke in her spirit and mind. she would do this for an hour each day. it was to the greatest spirit and source she spoke to and wrote. the words were a combination of poem and prose, incantation and evocation, vignette and description, epistolary letter and lamentation. she asked for help from God, and from any angels, guides and guardians, ancestors, masters living and passed over. her intent was true, so she took respite in the fact that whatever happened to her and the world, she would have done everything she could for the light. and as she did, troublesome thoughts and visions came, memories of things the darkness had said in time, even through souls she had tried to help. this had to be endured, seen, known, and gotten through in order to get to the light. she would stop and breathe. stand. hold her hands in the air, symbolically reaching upwards. always upwards, upwards to skies, upwards in consciousness, upwards to where better things were represented and lived. upwards to some firmament that transcended the earth and even the lower astral realms. ~~~

Chloe in the Castle ~ a story in five parts~

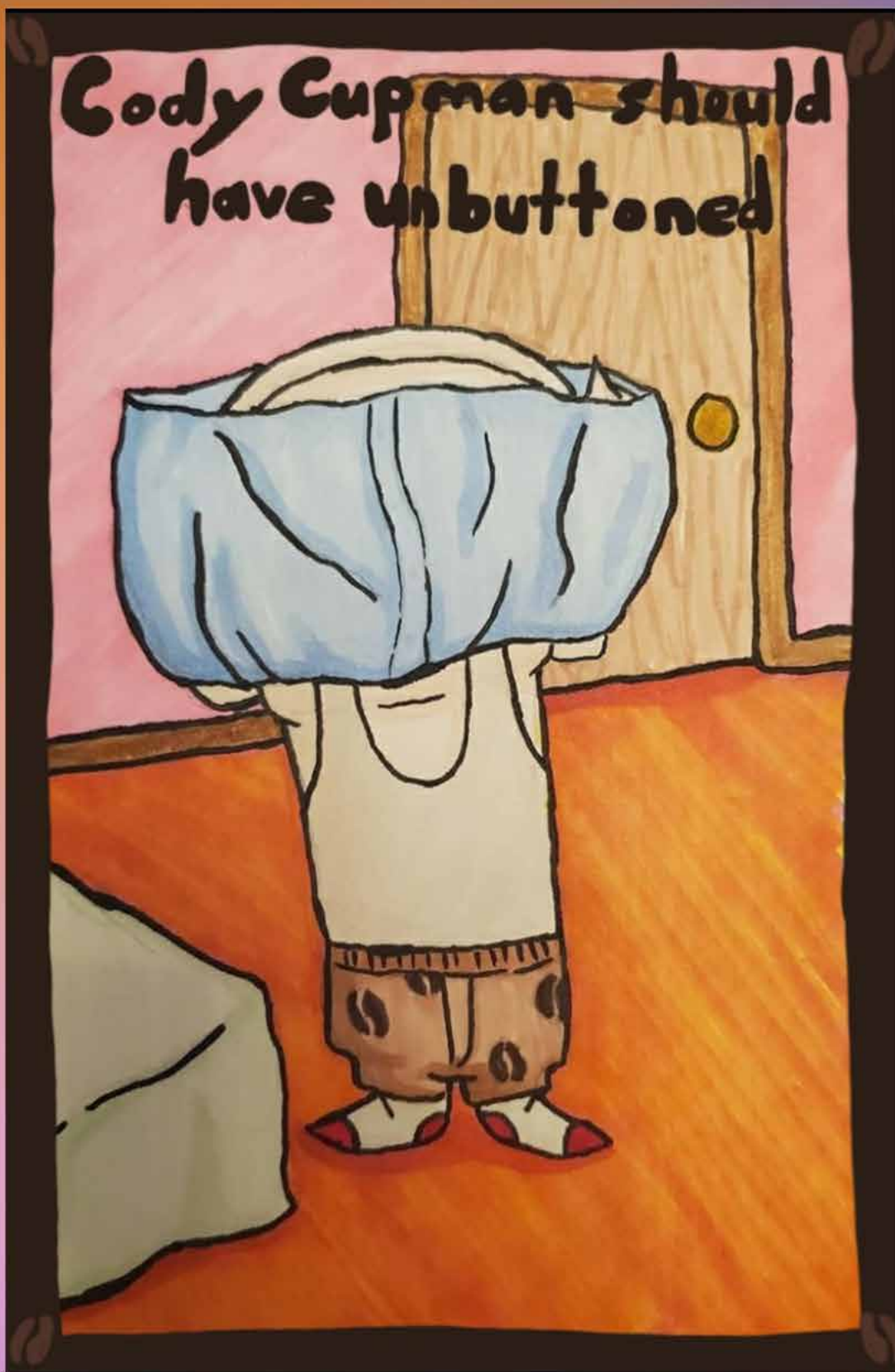
episode five, the light is victorious over the darkness ~ the old sage had said the world would have ten days of darkness as the under forces tried to take over. Chloe had been praying in the upper castle for six days to conjure and bring the light. on the seventh day she drew a card from a deck and it was The World. something had shifted, had changed, and a shard of light presented itself on the table. her intent and true heart was working. light had arrived and arrived early, on the seventh day. surely the old magician-hermit, from his dwellings in the forests; would also see this light. she continued. it was another three days and nights, the days only vaguely lit, the darkness revisiting like an incessant and incorrigible insect. the moon appeared in the day. illusion. night. unconscious. the moon and the sun were in the sky at the same time. Chloe prayed. to saints and the divine Goddess, to her ancestors, to guides she knew, to her own higher self, to existence itself. ice rains hit the windows, vexatious winds, the sounds of mocking and dark souls. the coyote came along, stopped, and she, who again, loved all people and animals, saw briefly that it was not a coyote but an untoward and saturnine spirit, something borne from or having chosen the darkness. it was watching one last time. she looked at it fearlessly and it left. pause. quietude. void. nothing. the moment soon became pregnant with power. but what would happen? then light. light flooding in from everywhere and upon everything. the light had won. sanguine. joyous. divine. godly. free. clear. truthful. above all,- the light loving. ~~~

the end

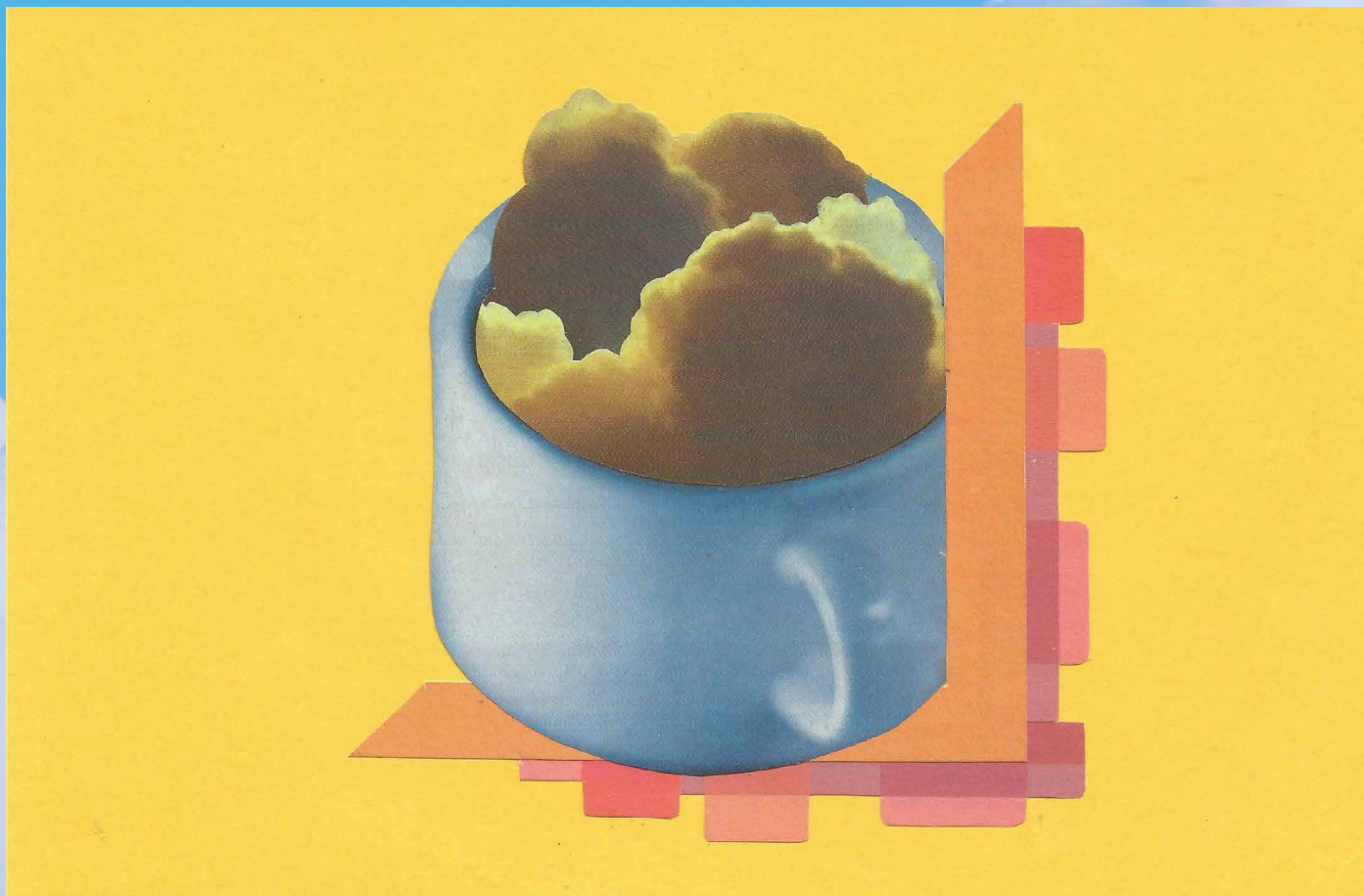
Brian Michael Barbeito is a Canadian poet and photographer. Recent work, the prose poem novelette Indigo Gemini Seven, is published at The Notre Dame Review.

Cody Cupman protests protest songs





Cuentas LaRAS



On Quitting A Job

It's hard not to feel that a year and a half of my life was wasted
Wasted working somewhere that won't build on my framework
Which never paid me more than I could have earned elsewhere
A place of stress and bad communication
Lack of ideological development
With all the right words thrown forth
But then I remember the people I hired
Those we worked alongside
A place of memories and laughter
Outrage and exhaustion
It is at the end of the day down to the staff again
I'll miss them all in certain ways
Knowing that if they knew me at all they would get it
Life is too short for someone else's dream to subvert your own
Yet I wanted to believe
To think there was a road to travel alongside someone else
Cynicism was reigned in at the beginning
Knowing deep down it would win again
As it truly has
I'll not let this embitter me
For hope is beautiful even if it ends badly

Luke Young is a writer, bibliophile, proletarian and factotum. He is of mixed Indigenous and European American heritage. He grew up among Southeast Asian war refugees in the states of Washington and California before moving to Cambodia where he lived for a cumulative of seventeen years.

THE BENEFICIARIES OF YOUR SELF LOATHING

***TW:** The following material references a fantasy of self harm.

Going through my journal for this year of 2022 made me realise that the main theme my thoughts seem to be centred around is happiness. I find this greatly upsetting, not only because “searching for happiness” sounds cliched and slightly pseudo-esoteric, but also because any other old idiot is on that exact same journey. Look around you, most people you will ever meet just want to be happy. I’d rather be on a much more interesting and unique path at this time of my life, but alas.

My therapist has been putting a lot of effort and energy into affirming me that my feelings of guilt and self loathing are not my own but rather something I’ve been conditioned to believe by external sources. Which is great but also feels a lot like if somebody took your arm and snapped the bone and then the doctor kept telling you “you weren’t the one who broke it.” It’s good to know, yet does very little to change the fact that you’re going to be wearing a cast.

Essentially, despite everything I have come to understand about myself, my psyche and my childhood, my brain still often resorts to feeling as though the very core of my being is harmful to the people around me. Which makes interacting with other human beings difficult and upsetting on many occasions.

Why do I hate myself? I mean, I know why, but there is a glaring difference between knowing and understanding. Recently, I find myself coming back to the following quote from Simon Amstell’s book

"Help":

"The problem with needing people to love you despite who you are is that you end up subtly compromising for them and so internalize their prejudice and their rage. Rather than let them reject you, you allow all their nonsense to live inside you. You don't realize it but you agree to feel uncomfortable about this bit of yourself too. Just slightly. Just enough to keep them in your life. You settle for being mildly content with who you are rather than proud or thrilled, and any attempts at love will be thwarted by this refusal to love yourself completely."

Now it is worth noting, that he is talking about his coming out experience in this part of the book, something I will not be able to relate to because of the privileged circumstances under which I have grown up as a queer person in this world.

Yet, because he words it as "who you are" I feel comfortable applying this way of thinking to other aspects of my being. Hardly anybody conditions you to blame or hate yourself out of malicious intent. At least I would assume that most people in your life aren't evil

supervillains who spend their days hacking out plans to ruin your self esteem. No, in most cases, it is merely their attempt at shifting guilt from themselves. They don't mean to make you feel as though everything is your fault, they're just focused on making sure it is not their own. So what happens, when you want to keep somebody in your life very bad, and you find this is only possible by keeping their delusions alive, is you agree to hate yourself on some level. You agree to be the person they tell you you are, because they won't accept you otherwise. You're trapped in what I would now call the Sisyphean attempt at happiness of my teenage years. Trying to build some sense of content and joy around these internalised restrictions you don't realise you have and when it (obviously) doesn't work you start to believe that you are, in your very nature, broken and apprehensive towards happiness. I could live my entire life this way and I would have lived it for other people. I can allow my perception of myself to be obscured and shaped by others to the point where looking into a mirror makes me gag. I have done so, for many years, as much as I feel like

even admitting to that fact outside of a therapist's office sealed off from real life will hurt people and reaffirm that I am in fact a horrible person.

For every self-assigned spiritual healer off of Facebook who tells you to choose happiness, I will tell you there is a real fat chance that choosing happiness will make you the villain in the overarching narrative of your social surroundings. Yet, compliance is just as likely to make you the villain of your own life. And I don't think it's a bargain worth making.

I do not hate myself. I don't. I hate the person I have been told I am for the better parts of my life. And I am not done shedding myself of those roles assigned to me, particularly because I still have people in my life who want me to take them on, who treat me as a foreign and peculiar thing because I am not who they want me to be, because I never was, and am now aware of that.

It is terrible to come to terms with the fact that you can not have certain people in your life the way you wish you could. But nobody is worth the sacrifice of your shot at being happy, not perpetually happy, because that isn't possible, I mean being content with who you are.

And I really do believe that, even if I still find myself acting to the contrary, out of fear. Nobody is worth sacrificing yourself for.

Perhaps every form of self loathing is essentially just a belief imposed onto you by outside sources because it will benefit them and give them power over you.

In the same way that the people who are telling you your body is too fat, too skinny, too wrinkly, etc. are also the ones trying to sell you clothes, make up and weight-loss programs.

And that is not to say every form of guilt you could potentially be feeling is the result of somebody trying to profit off of you and that you should never take responsibility for anything.

I am not writing this in order to absolve myself of all wrongdoing. I'm writing it to say "this feeling of perpetual guilt I have been carrying around since I can remember has an origin, and it is not me. This is not a part of me, it is not who I am."

It's a strong belief of mine that this is an important thing to say. For a long time I was under the impression that I'd been born somewhat broken and basically too stupid to feel happiness, besides it being right in front of me. But this happiness, that I was too much of an idiot to enjoy, was an evasive, nebulous myth. You can not be happy when your living conditions require you to hate yourself, even if it's just a little bit.

And the reason I'm writing this is because I know I am not the only person who has ever or will ever feel this way. I'm writing this for my friend who is wondering if she should optimise herself into oblivion so the people around her will leave her be. I am writing it for the thirteen-year-old somewhere out there who believes they are a monster.

This is how I will learn to stop, hopefully. Not because I have mastered the art of self love, not because I have found spiritual closure. Out of spite.

I have vandalised my own psyche to the point where I needed to imagine the physical act of ripping myself apart in order to be calm enough to sit still in a chair.

I have been doing this exclusively so that others may feel better about themselves, so that they will be more comfortable with who they are and who I am.

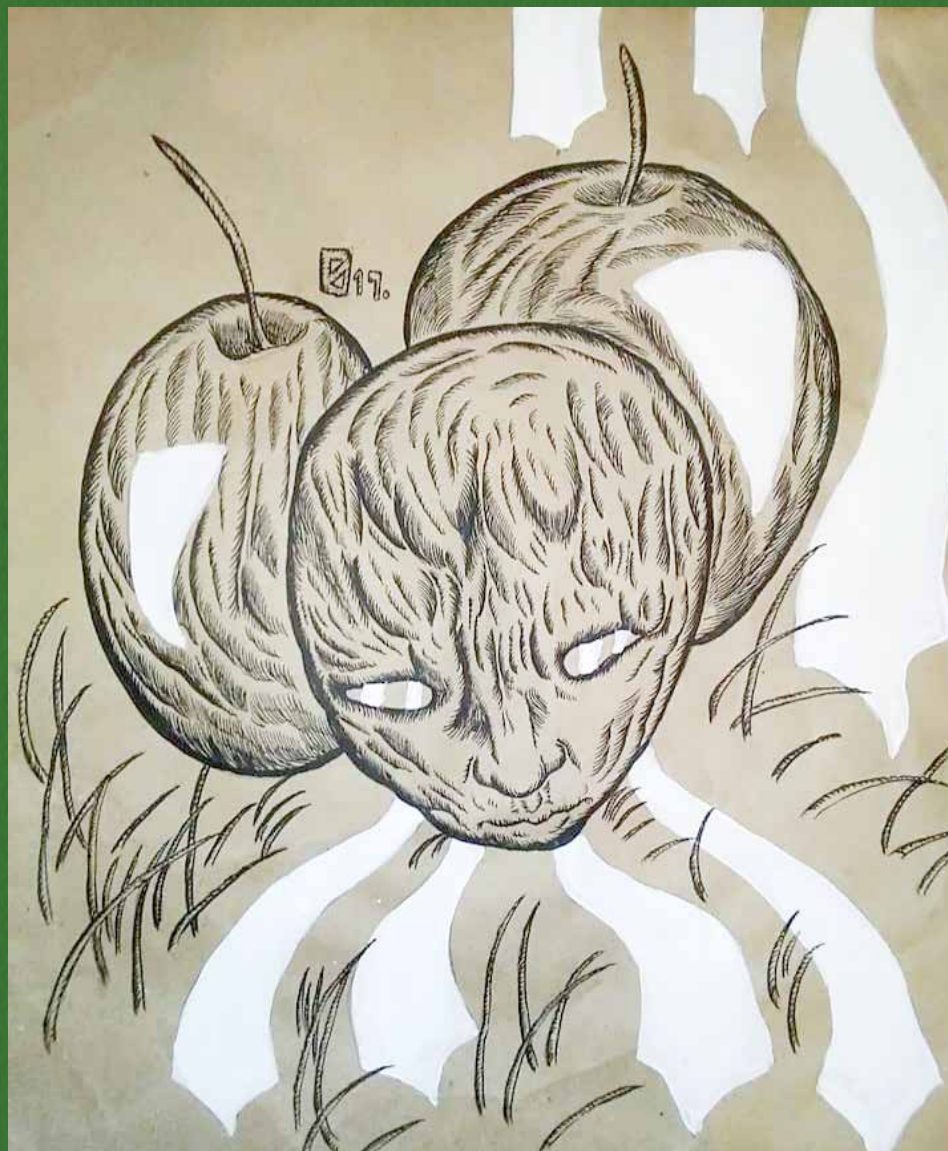
Now, I am done.

I want to be done, so that I won't be contemplating happiness on every page of my journal anymore and instead learn who I am without other people's nonsense inside my head.



^The other day, I had tears in my eyes after watching an episode of a 10-year-old cartoon in which, in such a delicate, deep and important way, the beginning of an affective approach between two girls was addressed. It made me so happy to know that, unlike me, many LGBTQ+ children will have such a beautiful reference about affection, about their own feelings. Currently, I try to embrace the child I was, through art, the desire to love freely, without feeling wrong.

Apples



Irina Novikova is an artist, graphic artist, illustrator. She graduated from the State Academy of Slavic Cultures with a degree in art, and also has a bachelor's degree in design.

Her first personal exhibition: "My soul is like a wild hawk" (2002) was held in the museum of Maxim Bagdanovich. In her works, she raises themes of ecology, and in 2005 she devoted a series of works to the Chernobyl disaster, drawing on anti-war topics. The first big series she drew was The Red Book, dedicated to rare and endangered species of animals and birds. She writes fairy tales and poems, illustrates short stories - she draws various fantastic creatures: unicorns, animals with human faces, and she especially likes the image of a man - a bird - Siren. In 2020, she took part in Poznań Art Week.

POCKETFUL OF CYNICISM

heart of hearts,
artichoke of my being.
layers upon layers
and in the creases of strangers, i find solace.
drawing out two-ply paper sentiments,
we peel and peel until we both come undone.

i've imagined us nonchalant in the park after dark..
but the sun sets at 5 o'clock now.

i am left void of any light
and the day is robbed from my hands,
forever slick with wanting more sunshine.

maybe it's the loss that makes it feel more alive.
after all, daylight savings saves no one
but those in the 1% with 9 to 5's and weekends off.

the moon comes out before the sun has even sang its part,
"show's over, draw your fuckin' blinds."

i've always felt the hands of time caressing my pulse points.
what a falsified sense of security we've found
in this calendar we've concocted..

isn't time something?
but isn't it nothing at all?



Your lips have never known

I'm teaching myself
to keep I'm sorry in my chest
instead of letting it spill
and fill the space like um and uh.

I'm teaching myself
that my existence isn't a sin,
that my every inhalation doesn't
mandate an exhaled atonement.

this isn't something
I expect you to understand.
your lips have never known
the taste of apology.

BYEMMACONLON.WORDPRESS.COM

Emma Conlon is a novice poet, occasional musician, and graduate student studying at the University of Virginia. Her debut poetry collection, *Changing of the Tides & Other Poems*, was released in April of 2022. Her poems, prose, and other assorted musings can be found on her [eponymous blog](#).

PIECES OF COVID MEMORIES

By Georgios Varoutsos



Pieces of Covid Memories by Georgios Varoutsos is an exploratory, reflective piece based on his 76 soundscape recordings of Covid-19's effects in urban places across Belfast and Montreal. By manipulating the original sound recordings in a musique concrète fashion, the piece attempts to emphasise the perception and emotional responses to different covid lockdowns. It follows a linear timeline of the events to best represent the fluctuation of phenomenological understandings. Isolation and social distancing created a personal awareness to balance the

interpretation of the Covid-19 situation, as well as connecting the sonic changes in the environment over this period. The piece is not only a creative extension of the documentative soundscape recordings, but a way to review personal growth and comprehension of how Covid-19 affected the self. As a creative sound composition, this piece reflects one person's journey through the Covid-19 changes, but it is also an expression of global connectivity while we each try to overcome these challenges.



***Listen to Georgios
Varoutsos on
SoundCloud***

***TW: The following materials depict suicide.**

Period of change talks about a phase which does not pass easily. Consistency of time does not change for anyone, and while time changing is an obvious phenomenon which will take place, the fear and insecurity from past experiences overwhelms our mind and body. Things, relations and we ourselves will all change. Being aware of this fact, what is it that kills us from the inside out? Why cannot one get away with this melancholy feeling? And how does being postmodern affect this? Here this image has a dark man trying to kill himself - but there's no blood - and staring straight at the viewer is a metaphor for the conflict between acceptance and denial of change. The construction happening at the back is a reflection of distortion of personal history, and the dead dog presents the misery that this phase causes. The bloodstains on the white-tiled floor are traces left by **THE CHANGE**.



PERIOD OF CHANGE

PERIOD OF CHANGE | VAIDEHI SADIWALA | SURAT, INDIA | @CRUMBLED.RED



TAP HERE FOR PORTFOLIO

PERIOD OF CHANGE

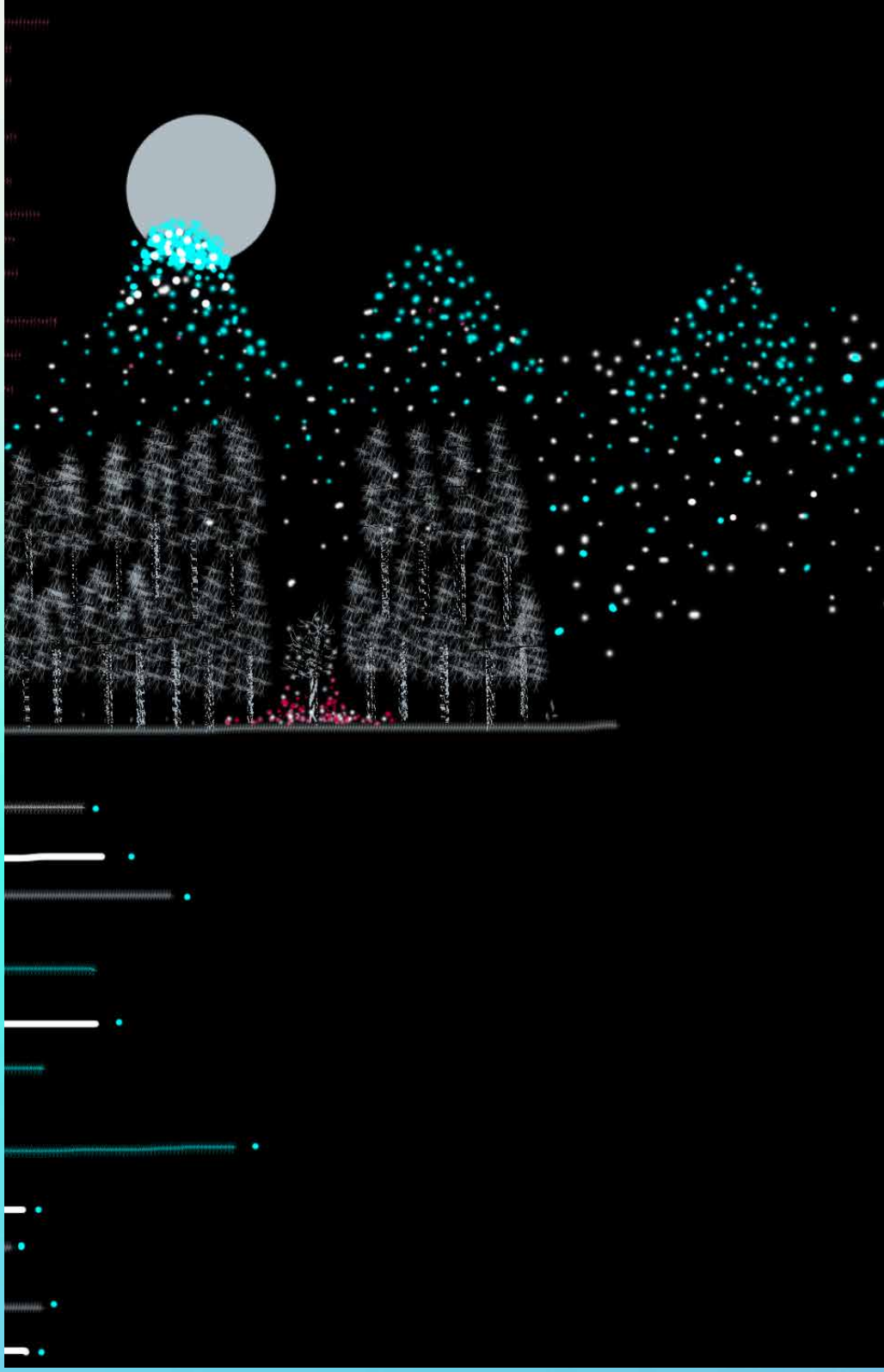


"MY INTENT AS AN ARTIST IS TO OFFER A WHIMSICAL JOURNEY INTO A WORLD OF ELDRITCH JUXTAPOSITION."

A COLORADO NATIVE WHOSE ART EXPLORES AND PROVOKES A SENSE OF WONDER, A JOURNEY INTO THE WHIMSICAL.



Change comes with Pain and Uncertainty.. The Howl
Many times often Change ushers in the New seasons of Abundance we desperately long for.. The Blossoms..
Only if we can Patiently wait for it during the seemingly slow drifting Winter times.
[@skullsnpetals](#); [@primochocolato](#); [@onebeingafrica](#)
[behance.net/100VirtuesPlus1](#)





S.g.S





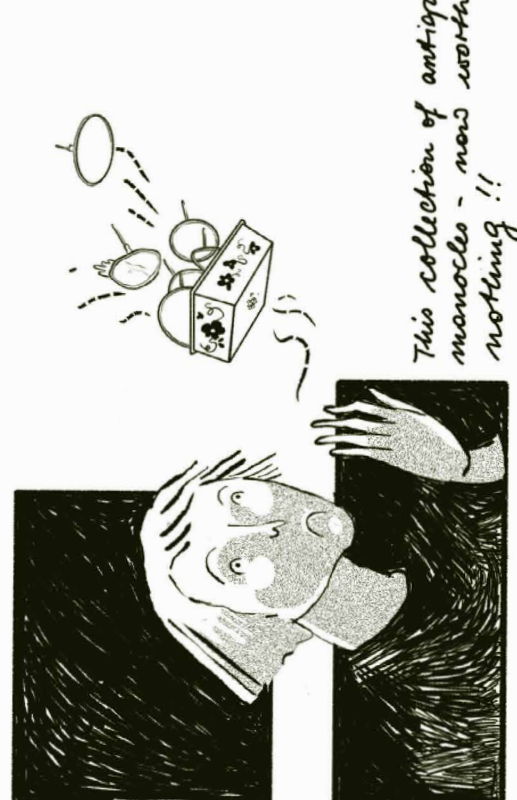


*Mandela effect
phenomenon, a false memory
shared independently by a large
number of persons

EFFECT*

THE MANDELA EFFECT

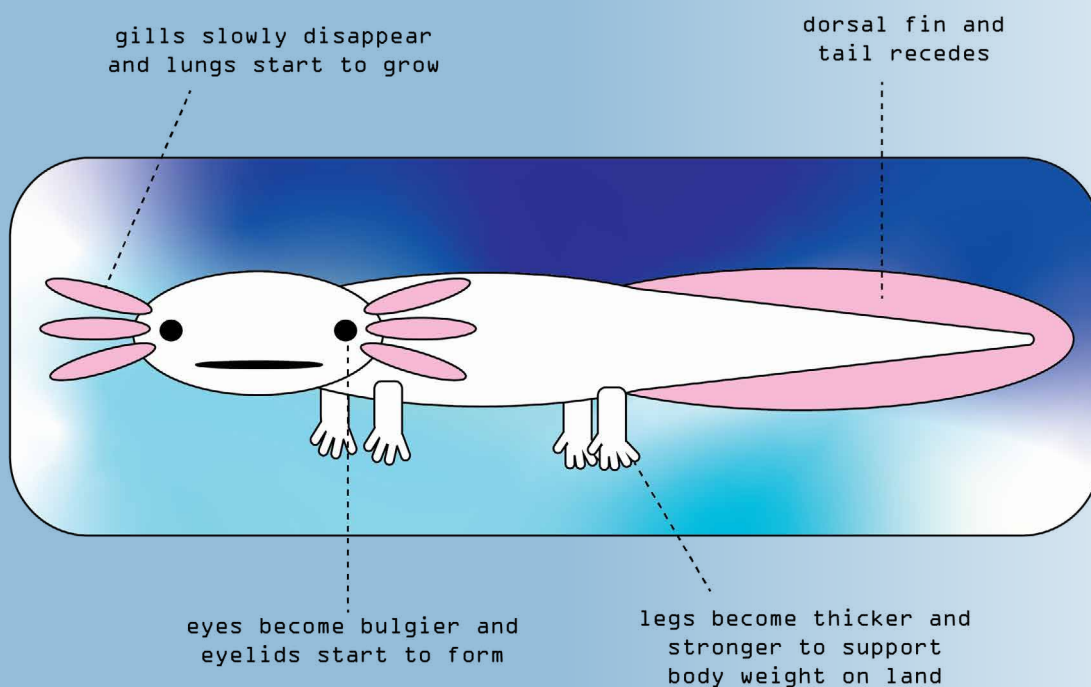
About false memories/change of memories.



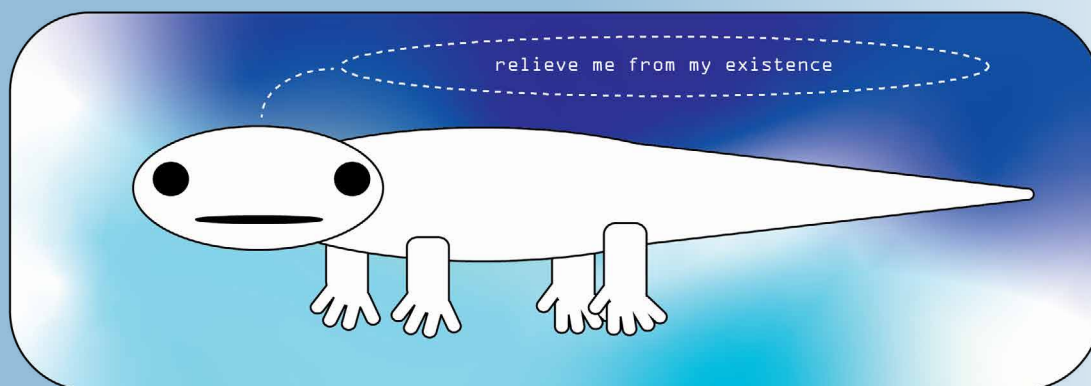


MICHAELHIGHWAY.COM

did you know axolotls can morph into salamanders?



once this irreversible transformation is complete
they can no longer live in their aquatic abode
the axolotl will start a new life
completely on land as a salamander









*Mosaics,
Journeys
through
Landscapes
Rural*

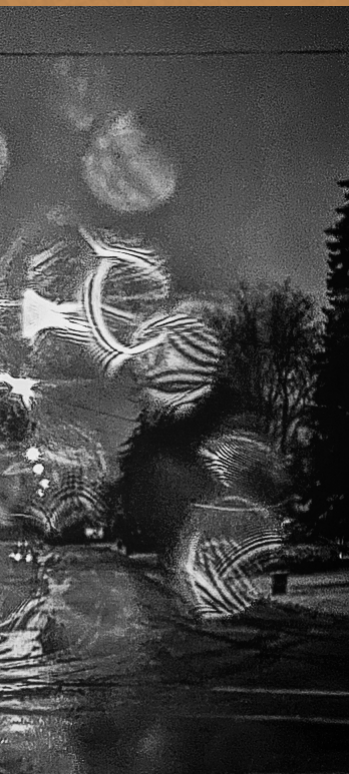


Brian Michael Barbeito is a Canadian landscape photographer and nature poet.









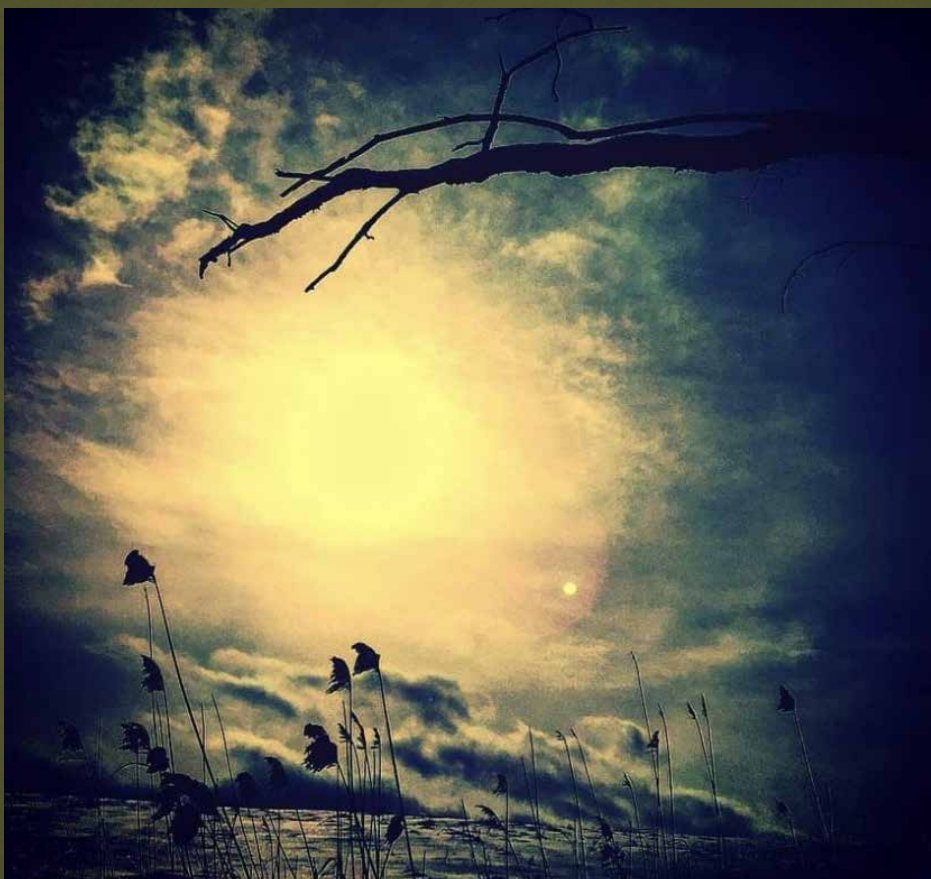
















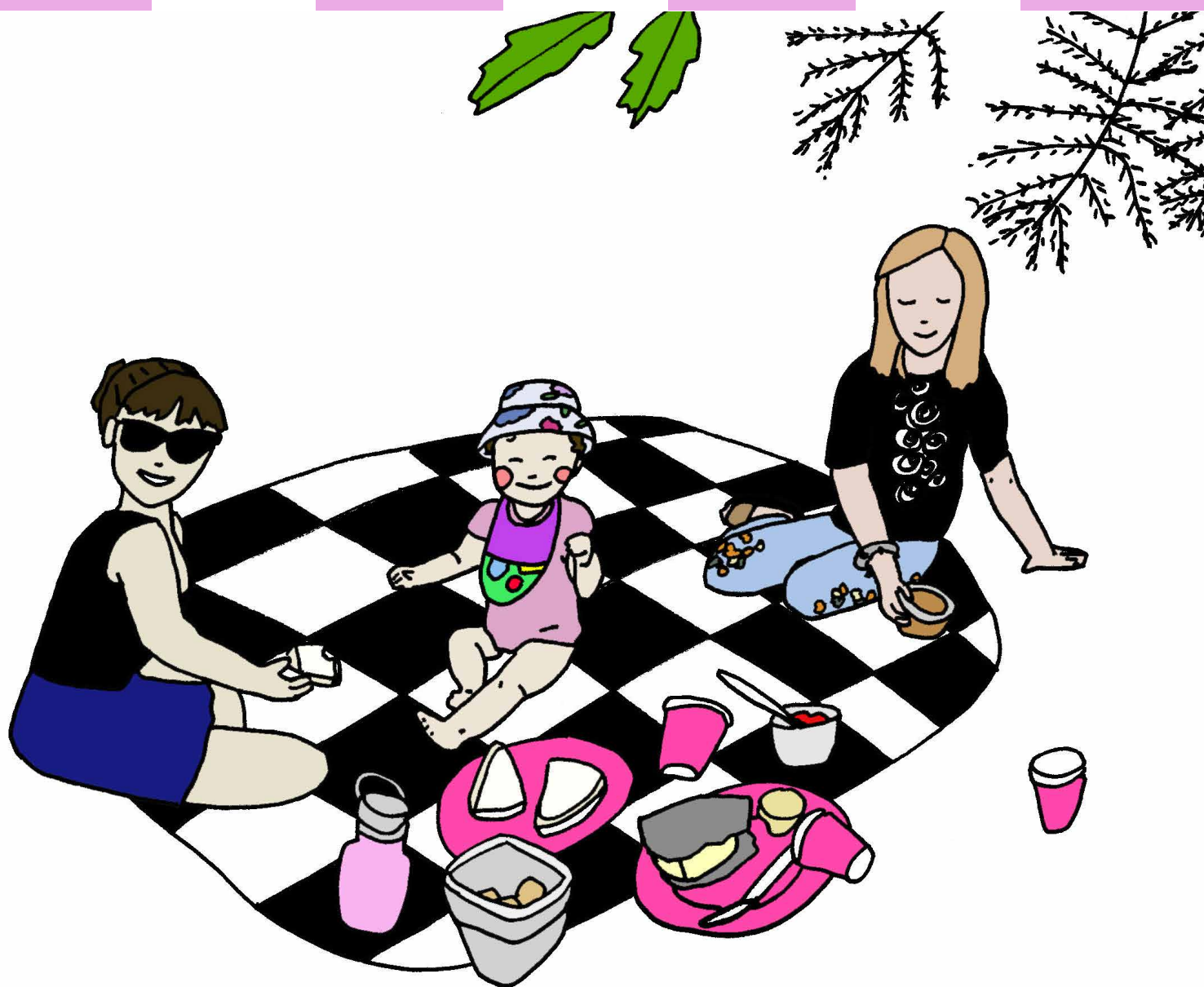
A BEAUTIFUL OPPORTUNITY

I'll be the first to say I'm afraid of change. It's the thing I resist the most, quite possibly because it's the thing I feel I have the least control over. I've dreaded it and dragged my feet in the hopes that somehow my stubbornness could transcend reality and keep everything in my life preserved in a little bubble of time for just a bit longer. I have given every attempt to live in the moment, and yet despite my daily mindfulness and gratitude and journaling of every single day and impactful moment, the hands of time have continued to tick. Rapidly propelling me towards the uncertainty I hoped would never come.

It's funny when I think about it though, because everything good in my life has come from change too. I tend to equate it to some negative impending force, but in actuality it's simply a fact of life. When I think about the people I've met just in the last year that I now cannot imagine my life without. When I think about my mental growth and the experiences I've had and the changes I've been able to make. It actually starts to not feel that scary at all.

I'm afraid of change, but lately my aversion has begun to weaken ever so slightly. My friends sit with me at cafes and on couches, reminding me of how much I have to look forward to. That this really is only the beginning. That it just continues to get better. I find myself making plans for the coming years and loosening my need to have a plan for the far future. I'm thinking about months from now through a bittersweet lens where I'll be sentimental for the end of a period of time I've loved more than anything, yet I'm eager to jump into the future. A future that's new and terrifying and uncertain but also hopeful and exciting and wonderful.

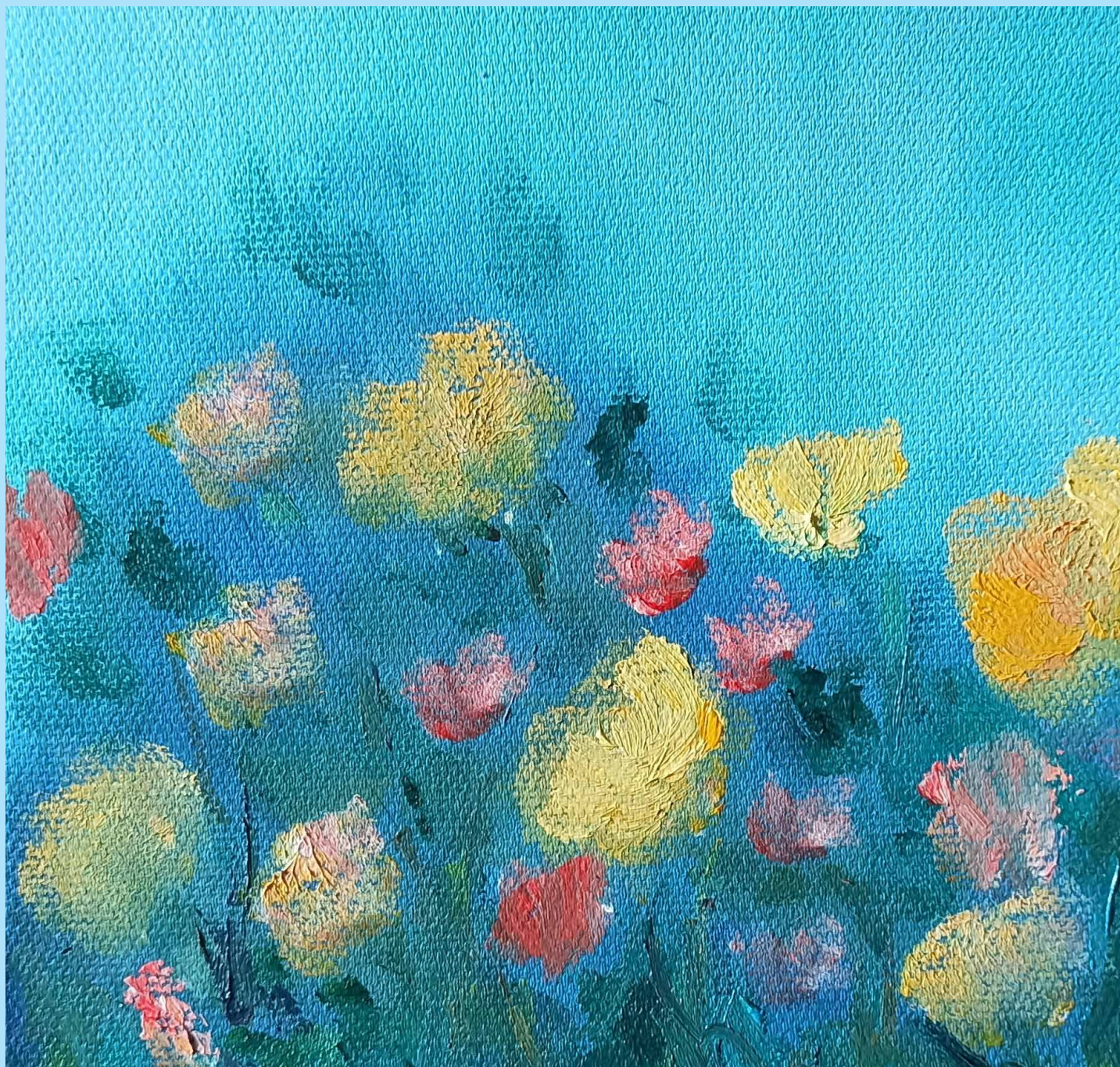
I'm trying to look at change as a beautiful opportunity rather than a terrifying end. I have control over where I go from here. I get to build my life and the people in it and I have this incredible chance to continue to create a life I love. I love where I am now, yet I'm genuinely excited for where I'm going. And that's something I've never felt before



TEGANIVERSEN.COM

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A mysterious garden



18x23.5 cm, oil on canvas by Victoria Valuk
(artifact N1 of the solo world art tour show "Artifact" by the artist: Victoria Valuk)
artvaluk.wordpress.com/collections

en with yellow roses



This is a very special painting: artifact number 1 from the global solo art tour show called "Artifact," by European artist Victoria Valuk. The artwork is called "A mysterious garden with yellow roses," an original oil painting on canvas by Victoria Valuk.

The world is changing, and in coronavirus times, Victoria Valuk came up with an interesting and unique art project, deciding to make a special show that could bring joy and happiness to the world. Here's the project the artist came up with: she painted mini artworks on canvases and spread those modern artifacts around the globe. Artifacts from this show were hidden in different countries, like treasures, rolled up and placed inside bottles. Anyone who finds any of Victoria Valuk's artifacts may keep them - and hopefully enjoy them!

There have been 26 artifacts "lost" for art collectors around the world to find. Previous artifacts were hidden in Emirates, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Uzbekistan, Poland, Trinidad and Tobago, Barbados, etc. The first 4 artifacts were hidden on the Saint Martin Island and in the Caribbean Sea, and artifact number 2: "A lot of work for bees" was found after 141 days, floating in a bottle near Marathon in the Florida Keys on the Atlantic Ocean side. Those who found the painting - or the "artifact" - were very happy!

The art tour show: "Artifact" has been continuing, and the mission of this unusual art tour show is very worthy and noble: it aims to draw people's attention to art, to promote cultural ties, social ties, peace, and creation, and to raise spirits. Each painting for this show is an original - the result of Victoria's creative work, and there are no repetitions/copies among them. Art lovers and collectors all have a chance to find an artifact in this global game. *Artifact N1 was hidden on the Saint Martin Island in February 2021 on the French side and has not been found yet.*





به بنامید

وم

مان ترکمان

تناسخ

تن پوش مرگم را پیل
می خواهم پروانه بشم

پژم





NAZLI-ABBASPOUR.COM





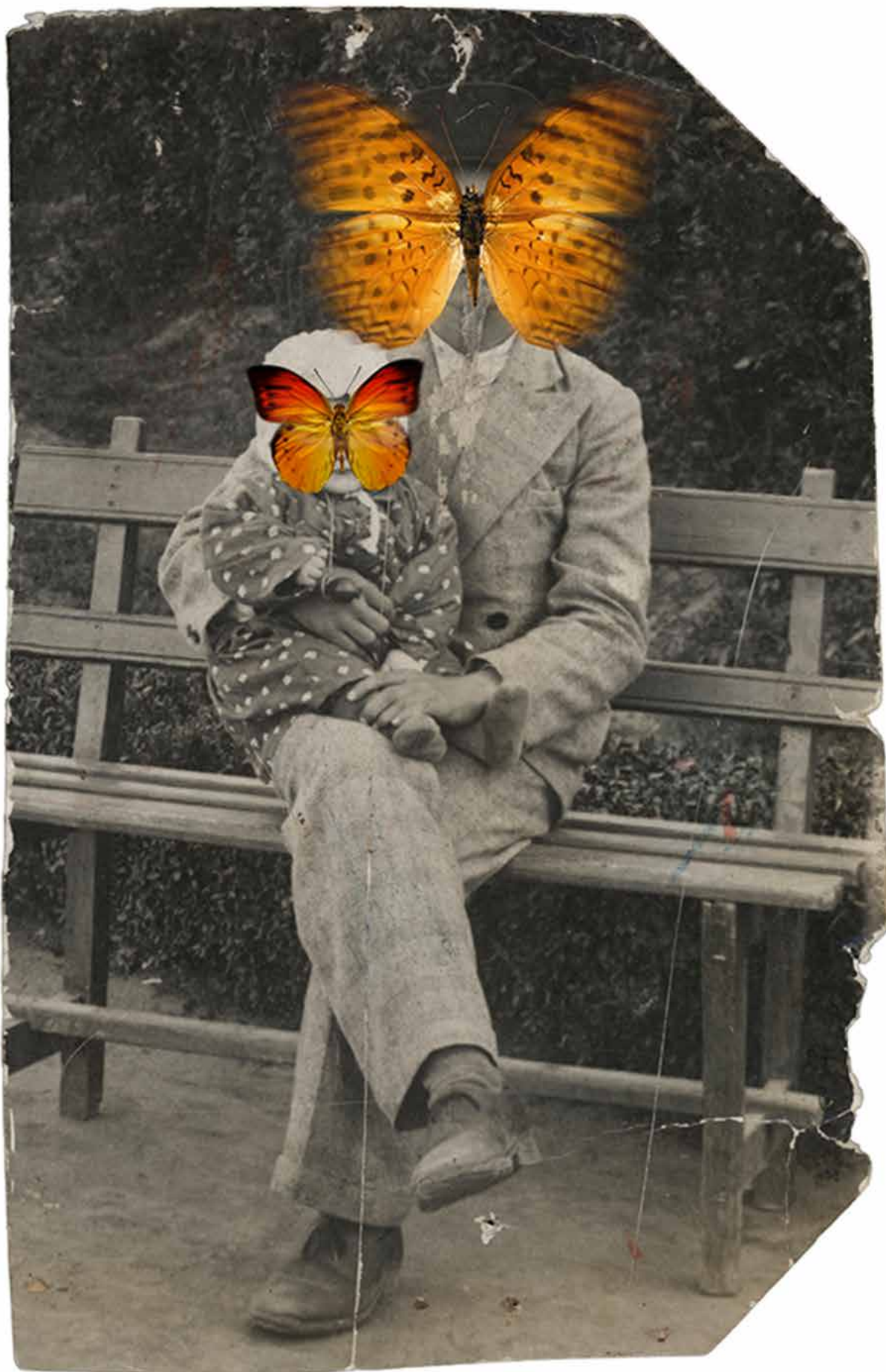
Reincarnation

Call my death wrapper a cocoon
I want to be a butterfly

Pejman Torkaman

2017

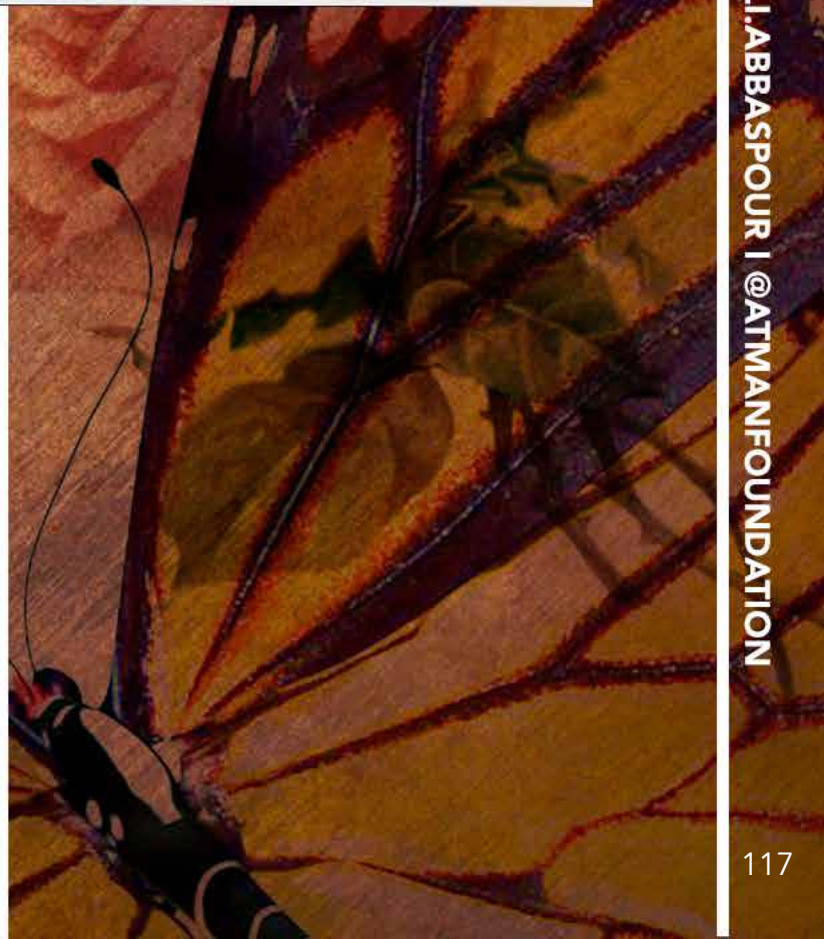






NAZLI-ABBASPOUR.COM





Three years

two years, nearly three, and i still see you
in the way i talk, act, & listen
the way i treat people & joke around
the way i love with sarcasm & dry humor
the way i face the day, chin up & chest out
even when i don't thvink i can do it anymore

nearly three, and i have so much to tell you
i want to tell you about the hell apartment,
watch you cringe & shiver at what we saw
i want to tell you about that summer,
disney & boston & finally feeling whole again
i want to tell you about graduation,
how i did it, i really did it, 4 years & i did it
i want to tell you how strong i've been,
that you were right, i got this

i got this,
through the hardest three years of my life
i got this,
living my 20's without your guidance
i got this,
wondering if i'm doing it right
i got this,
i'll figure it out, because you never gave up,
you always figured it out,
you had this and so do i

two years, now three,
since i've been able to say i love you
since i've been able to say i miss you
since i've been able to say

happy mother's day

Sebastian is a queer, non-binary writer & artist located in New Hampshire. They're a chaotic good Aquarius who eats the patriarchy & heteronormativity for breakfast (when there's no more Cinnamon Toast Crunch).

Wish you
WERE HERE



MOLECULES

My name is Drew
McLaughlin, ARTIST, doing work
under the name Optical_Artifacts. I am
originally from New Jersey, and currently
living and working in Denver, Colorado. My
primary art work consists of Ink work, Street art,
Multiple forms of paint, such as Acrylic and Aerosols,
Sculpting in Mineral Gems, Stencil work, and Murals. As
well as multiple forms of photography from digital to
Lomography style cameras?!?!?!?

My inspirations are City life, Nature, Music, Travel Capturing light
and Energy, Molecules, movements that invoke thoughts and
conversations. I work within a few different concepts; Abstract art,
Perception of Molecules, Movement, Layering, Geometric Life Forms,
Brains, and Flowers?!?!?!?

My art that I create is considered Geometric Abstract Art. My work is all
made by my OWN HANDS and is NOT DIGITAL?!?!?!? I am always trying
to find new mediums and experiences from Interactive Street Art
Installations, to Traveling and Painting in different locations, and
Collaborations with various other Artists.

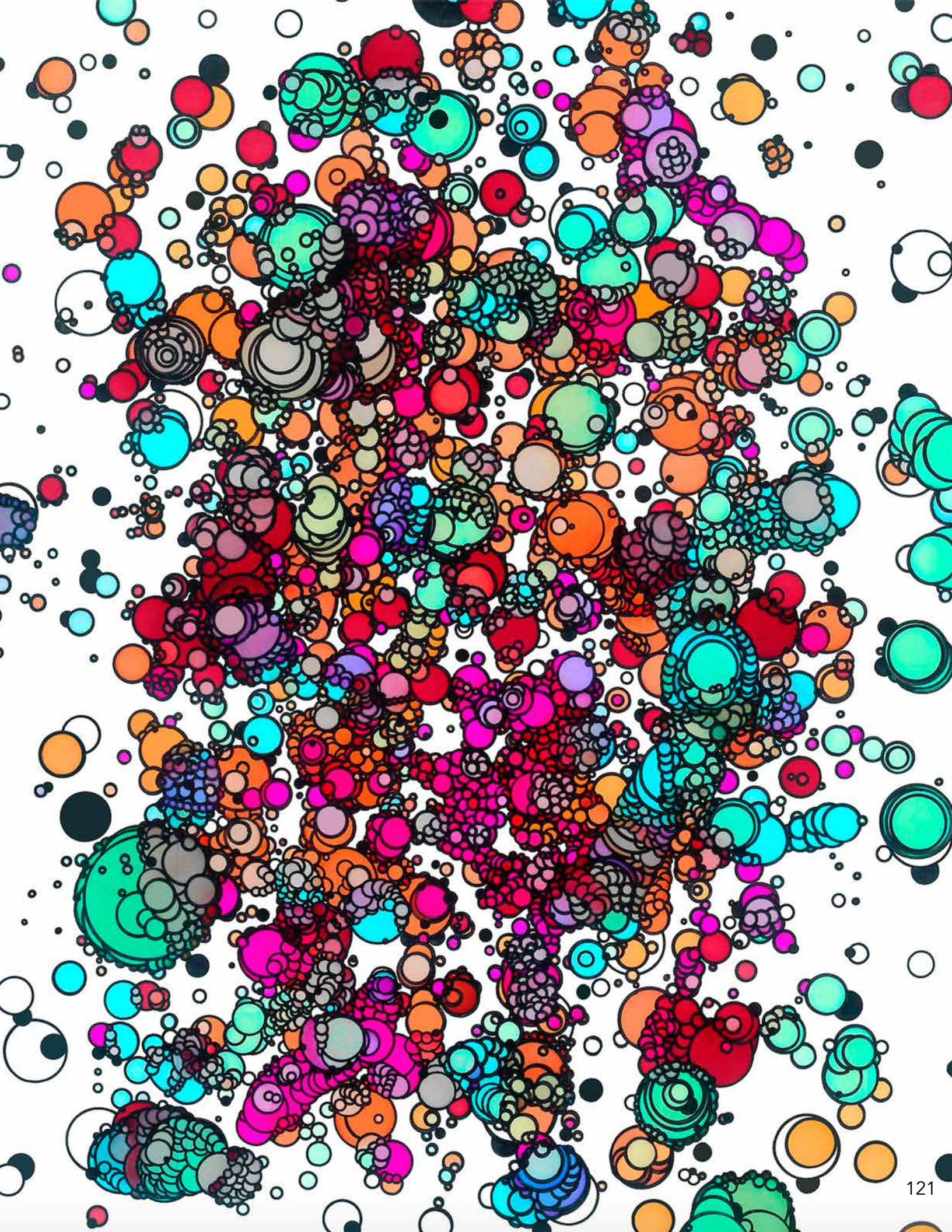
Some of my experiences have been with businesses such as; Starbucks,
Sloans Lake, Denver, CO., Jolly Goods Denver, Denver Urban Community
Gardens, Local Musicians, Yama Sushi, Piante Pizza, Garden State
Distillery, Toms River, NJ., Ultra Health Dispensary, Albuquerque, NM.

Street Art in Rino Art District, Santa Fe, Sloan Lake, Miami Florida,
Las Vegas, Private Collectors, and Commissioned Art.

In supporting me, a percentage of your purchase supports
Street Art Installations in Denver and other cities around
the world?!?!?!?

You can follow my work or reach me @Optical_
ArtiFacts on Facebook or Instagram or email
me at Optical_Artifacts@yahoo.com.

OPTICAL ARTIFACTS



A BIG ADJUSTMENT

I have a dysfunctional relationship with change. I think this is the case for a lot of reasons but I primarily attribute it to an instance that occurred my sophomore year of high school. I was 14 years old, halfway through the first semester when my best friend at the time told me that her family had decided that they were going to move back to Chicago. It felt like the end of the world. "Better opportunities" felt surmountable in comparison to the sheer terror I felt as I tried to grapple with the reality that I was losing my best friend of almost 7 years. My academics slipped, I withdrew and experienced a myriad of physical sensations that I later learned were due to the extreme amount of anxiety I was carrying around daily after hearing the news.

I didn't have a lot of friends, in fact, I had two. Making new friends was incredibly challenging for me; being on the spectrum, as well as being an individual who dissociated quite a bit didn't help, neither did being an introvert. I leaned heavily on my friend that wasn't moving, as she did me. We hung out pretty much every single day & she took on certain roles that our friend who moved originally oversaw. Things like; walking me to my classes because I struggled (do still to this day) with spatial recognition and couldn't find my own way, & reminding me which assignments were due for the classes we shared because I struggled to stay organized.

I remember trying to express to my parents how afraid I was that we wouldn't stay friends because of the distance, and that I felt so alone at times that it genuinely terrified me,. But i could never get the words out quite right, and felt like I was dismissed with statements like "you'll stay in touch, it will all work out." Or "It's not the end of the world, you'll make other friends." I didn't feel like anyone knew where I was coming from except for the friend I still had in KC. But even my perception of that shifted when junior year came and she began to blossom socially. More change, more feeling trapped in my body as physical sensations (nausea, indigestion, shaking, shallow breathing, sweaty palms, etc) wrecked me. I vividly remember just wishing that I could rip my skin off to escape from my anxiety.



My mother ended up being right, we did in fact stay in touch, but I definitely don't think that that was what I needed to hear at the time. I believe that a big part of the reason I handle change so much better now though, a decade later, is because of this incident. I didn't think I'd be able to be happy again: the thought of losing my best friend, this person that knew and understood and accepted me in ways that no one else had, made life feel so pale and numb. Yet somehow I got through it. Slowly, I learned how to keep the anxiety at bay which made my body a much more comfortable place to inhabit. I threw myself into my academics because that gave me something to hyper focus on instead of the fact that I was incredibly lonely. Somehow I made it. Navigating this seemingly unavoidable change, this traumatizing event, gave me strength and a certain level of insight into myself that I didn't know I needed. I'm weirdly grateful for it. I've had a myriad of things happen to me since that I was powerless to control, & drawing on this experience I had made me believe that I'd get through it, instead of catastrophizing like I did in high school.

We've been friends for almost 15 years now, over half of which has been nourished through a long distance connection; there's no doubt in my mind that we'll be friends till the day we die. And as for change, I'll continue to do my best, welcoming it like an old friend.

perennials

flowers always seem to know
when it's their time to die
and make room for their children.
the wilt and rot will nourish
the seeds that grow from its grave.

just as the moon expands
so she can wither away again,

just as the tides creep up
and down the shores eternally,

just as new love rises like a
phoenix from the ashes of that

which came before. not an end,
but perennial beginnings.

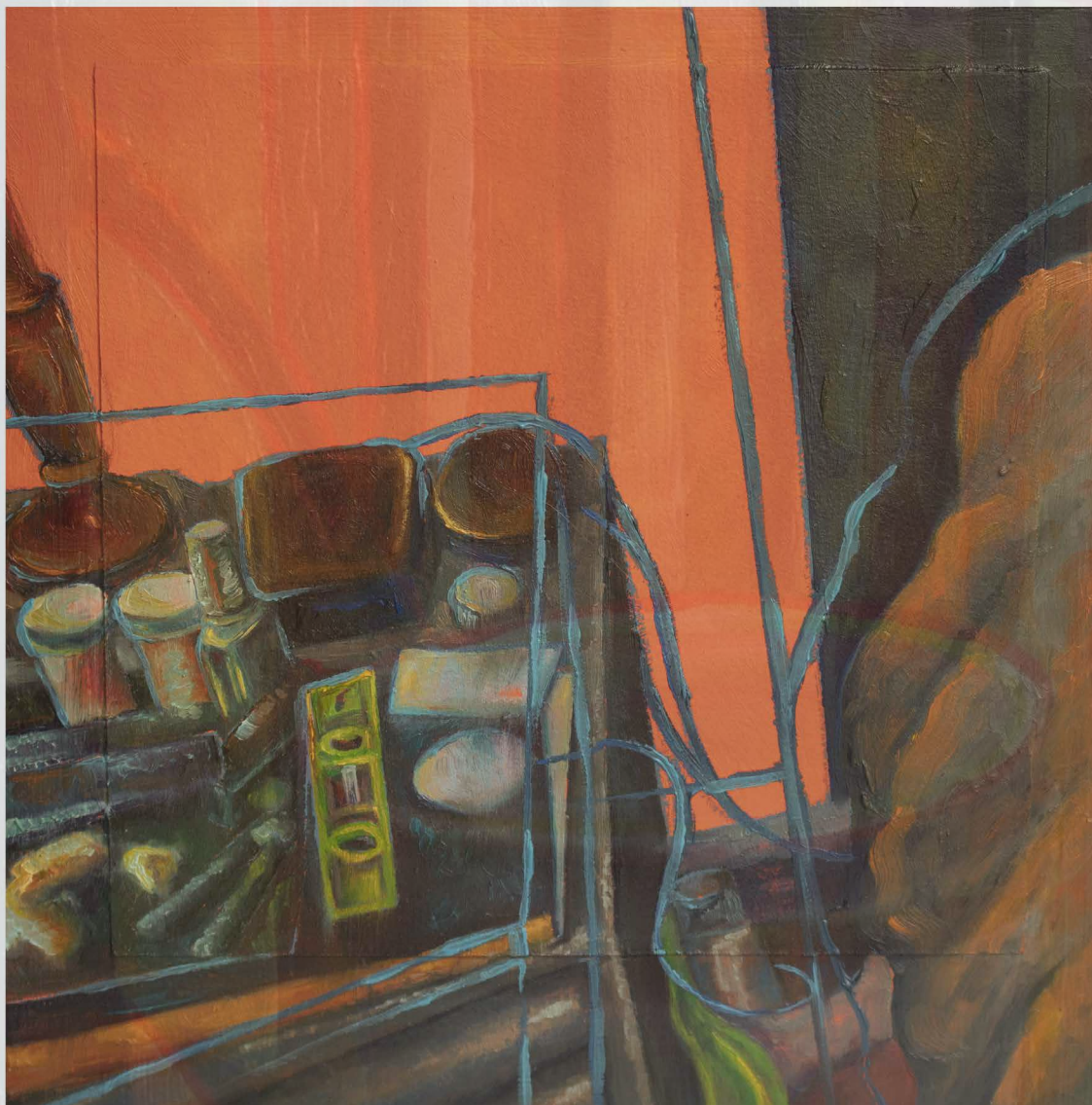
*Emma Conlon is a novice poet, occasional musician, and graduate student studying at the University of Virginia. Her debut poetry collection, *Changing of the Tides & Other Poems*, was released in April of 2022. Her poems, prose, and other assorted musings can be found on her [eponymous blog](#).*

Soul

Calling



I make art to show my soul I am listening. I embrace change and welcome growth as I continue to create.



The In-Betweens



The Space Where I Forget You the Most/I Wanted to Be Here

THE SPACE WHERE I FORGET YOU THE MOST/I WANTED TO BE HERE



Reflejo



Yes Girl

I'm the girl who always says yes. I've been doing it for so long it's become engrained into who I am. I don't think I've said no to a single thing in the past 3 years, and maybe even my life. I've become so accustomed to always saying yes that I feel like I'm failing somehow if I say no. Failing the people I care about and failing myself for not sticking true to who I've always been. It's an internal struggle lately, this constant battle between my head and my heart. What I know I can handle, and what I wish I could. Knowing I'd love one thing, but not wanting to sacrifice something else. Recognizing that I've grown in a different direction than I thought I would, but feeling guilty for what I've left behind.

I don't think I'm capable of making a single decision without

confiding in a handful of friends first. So not only am I juggling my own conflicting thoughts and what I feel the people involved will think, but hoping each one of my friends will agree with my decision as well. Serina told me one night: "think about what you would do in a world where you don't owe anyone anything" and I think about it a lot. What choices would I make if I was only thinking about my own happiness. How particular would I be with who influences my energy. What would I do if I didn't feel I owed anything to not only others, but to my past self as well...

I've never been particularly warm to the idea of change, so it's only natural that I've found it difficult to grapple with the change I've seen in

myself. Different values, different priorities, different mindset from where I thought I'd be. That's how it always works though I suppose. We're always changing based on experiences we have and the people we surround ourselves with and the challenges we face. And that's how we grow into who we're becoming. Instead of feeling like I'm failing the past version of myself and the people who expected her to stick around, I'm working on feeling proud of the version of me I'm growing into. Embracing her choices with confidence and running in the direction of what I know I want.

I'm the girl who's always said yes, it's true. But maybe it's time I start saying yes to me sometimes too.

Cyclists' March.



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of my work is a focus on monoprinting. Monoprinting is an accessible and quick way to record my plant findings. It helps to form the bond between nature and humans by allowing one to create artistic pieces from plant matter and recycled materials. I like to embellish prints with added elements of paper, ink, thread, and more

THE DAY THEY PULLED MY FAVOURITE PIER DOWN

They had stopped letting people walk on the pier;
The wooden beams had grown arthritic.
One day they sent out a barge
With a yellow monstrous digger on top
To rip the old beast down.

It stood like a frail father
Crooked across its breadth:
A disappointed bridge
jutting from the seawall.
Separated first at the foot,
They made sure he was alone.
And then, strut by strut,
The yellow digger nursed him into the grave.
Girders of wood stained red by rusty nails
Bled as they slipped into the waves.
Stigmata: it was the colour of sin
Spilling from his body.

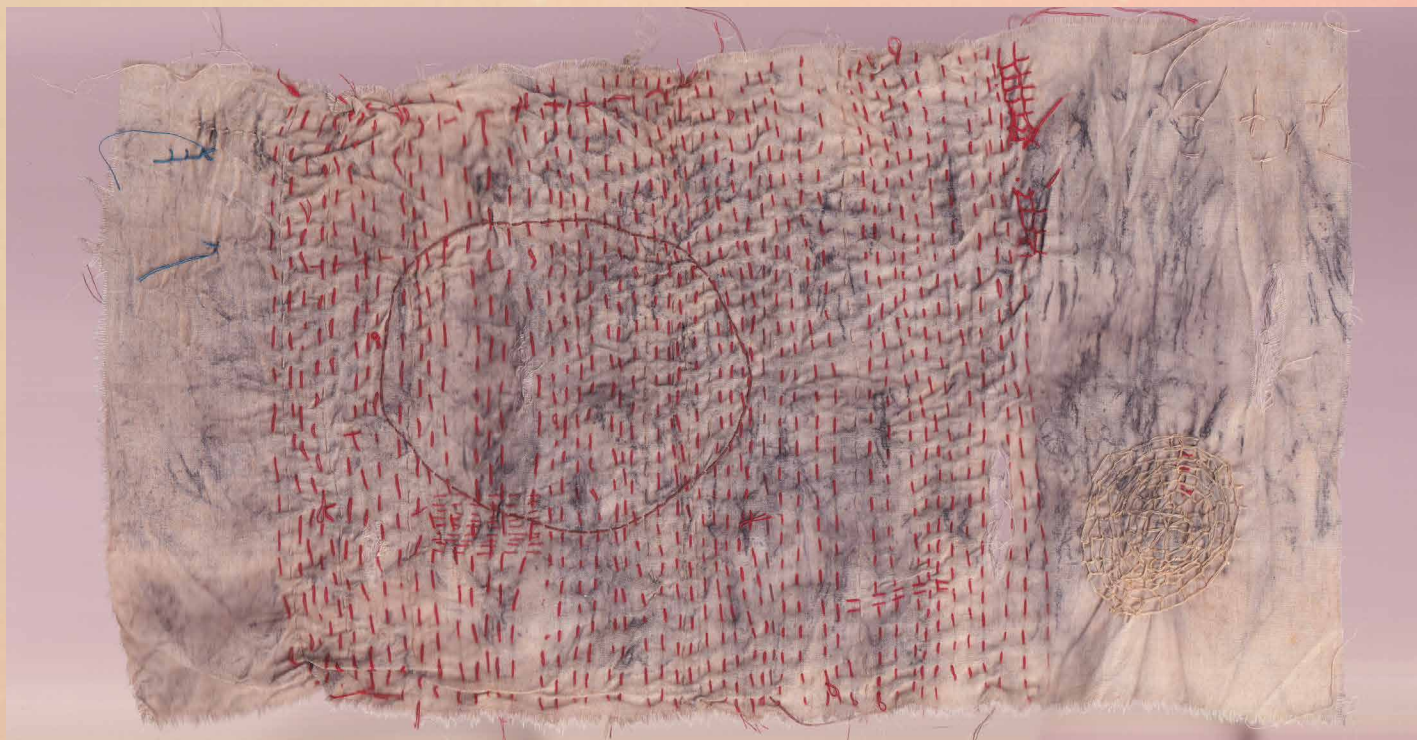
That's all that was left of him in the end -
Some sore joints
And a seabed imprint – a vague thought of how
That image of a father was dragged into the ocean.
An uncanny memory of how he creaked and squealed
when he left
How he would fight and resist his own incompetence.

I saw a seagull pass that fleeting scene
And thought of how all the boats, piers, houses and
harbours
Might've seemed a braille imprint on the earth,
As it perceived this violent death with indifference.





DECIDUOUS



The cotton fibres of Deciduous carry tannins extracted from the fallen autumnal leaves of a *Pistacia chinensis* tree, fixed with liquified rust. Working loose columns of running stitch into the cloth firms up the fabric and tracks physical investment. As the dyes and then stitches build, a foundational change in materiality takes place.

“THE PHONE WORKS BOTH WAYS ALEXIS RILEIGH”

I speak to you in hymns,
in ballet shoes, tutus, and glitter.
I dance around the topic
until I can't feel my feet.

I only speak when spoken to,
I'm lost in the other realm tonight.
I turn the clock back an hour
and hope the end of the world comes..

I guess the meteor is otherwise engaged.

I count the fingers on my hand
to make sure I've still got 'em all.
I wink at myself in the mirror
to make sure it's still me.

I speak to you in hymns,
in two-counts, blood, and mangled ballerina toes.
I dance around until oblivion swallows me up.

In another life, I speak to you in the language
of kings, crowns, nuance, and chaos
but, most of all, love.
I placed you in my heart
and made you a room in the chamber,
clogged up all the ventricles just for you.

I speak to you from the depths of love and symbiosis,
of lacks, loss, light, limbs, and limits.

I made a place for you in my body.
I tucked you in, gave you a night light,
read you a bedtime story,
and kissed you on your brow.

We speak the language of the unsaid,
the language of love unknown,
of reciprocation, emptiness
and the fullest of silences.

We speak the language of choosy
lovers,
of apparent friends and acquaintances
casual.

We speak of boundaries, then cross
them.

We tread where the grass is greener
just to see our footprints.
We go home and we don't return.

.....

.....

IN THE BATHROOM



Yannie Gu is a visual artist who works primarily in the mediums of drawing and painting. The subject of her artworks concentrates on exploring women's self-identities, as well as human's psychological activities while facing collective and personal traumas. Drawing inspirations from photographic source materials and film stills, her work creates surreal settings with the use of playful color palette, conducting discussions on the idea of femininity through different characters with the audiences.

Moon and Stars

I don't think we ever factor in the moments our lives change forever. It's like that metaphor. The Butterfly Effect. Everything we do brings the risk of shifting our future. Sleeping late. Missing the bus. Getting another bus. Taking a different turn. Plans moving at the last minute. Everything leads to something. Before leaving us with the inevitable question, sometimes torturous, of why that one event happened to us. I think that's what happened to me. I live with the effect of Alex. Every single day.

365 days before.

I throw myself back on the pillows. I feel like something's trapped in my chest. Like an extra flicker of my heart beat. Why am I thinking about him? How has his presence clung to me this much? Why do I want him to speak to me again?

Being emotional is weird and uncomfortable for me. I can physically feel my brain try to reject the feeling. Being a human is so intrinsically messy. Everything about it seems cluttered and untidy. Humans themselves. Their skin, their hair, the little bits of dirt that manage to creep beneath their fingernails. The dry flakes on their palms on cold winter days. Specks of sleep that rest in the corners of their eyes. Messy. Scatty. Chaotic.

It's already 6am. I roll over and stretch to grab my phone, immediately opening up Facebook. Tapping in his name, I scour for his page, but can't seem to find a profile photo that matches him. Or what I can remember of him anyway. People can be vastly different online, compared to real life.

Libby has talked about how once, she had a Tinder date with a boy who's profile stated that he, quite clearly, was over 6ft tall.

'I got there right, rocked up to mini golf in my nice heeled boots, yeah? Because I thought, oh, it'll be sweet, he's a tall boy, so, as a tall girl, I can have a wee bit of extra height.'

'And?' I lifted my bread from the toaster, and flinched as the edge of the crust burned the side of my forefinger and thumb.

'He was smaller than me!' Libby cried, her mouth full of coco pops. She threw her spoon down in frustration. 'Honestly Lizzie, you should be relieved you're gay.'

'I'm not gay.'

'Well, you don't like boys.'

'I don't like anyone,' I laughed, spreading soft, creamy butter carefully around my slice, neatly aligning the crusts with the inner square.

365 days after

Grief is weird. I feel like someone's cut a massive hole in my chest. The extra flicker of my heart beat is no longer there.

I try to eat, but nothing feels different. I starve, and I stay the same.

Is heaven real?

I hope so.

I never did.

But now I do.

Streams of lilac and pink envelop the clouds in their fluffy forms, the gold light beaming through around the edges.

'Are you there, Alex?'



Currently, local biodiversity in Brazil has been decimated for centuries, along with what is left of the original indigenous communities, which ensured preservation until the arrival of European invaders. Bringing our gaze closer to repair is our only chance.



Irina Novikova is an artist, graphic artist, illustrator. She graduated from the State Academy of Slavic Cultures with a degree in art, and also has a bachelor's degree in design. Her first personal exhibition: "My soul is like a wild hawk" (2002) was held in the museum of Maxim Bagdanovich. In her works, she raises themes of ecology, and in 2005 she devoted a series of works to the Chernobyl disaster, drawing on anti-war topics. The first big series she drew was *The Red Book*, dedicated to rare and endangered species of animals and birds. She writes fairy tales and poems, illustrates short stories - she draws various fantastic creatures: unicorns, animals with human faces, and she especially likes the image of a man - a bird - Siren. In 2020, she took part in Poznań Art Week.



Sweet Hug

Yannie Gu is a visual artist who works primarily in the mediums of drawing and painting. The subject of her artworks concentrates on exploring women's self-identities, as well as humans' psychological activities while facing collective and personal traumas. Drawing inspirations from photographic source materials and film stills, her work creates surreal settings with the use of playful color palette, conducting discussions on the idea of femininity through different characters with the audiences.

Change

Change is never easy.

It truly damn hurts.

It will break you,

tear you down,

shatter you,

turn your inside out.

But it is necessary.

It's inevitable.

We need it

in order to grow.

To grow from

the caterpillar

to the butterfly

and finally fly.

For everything

is impermanent,

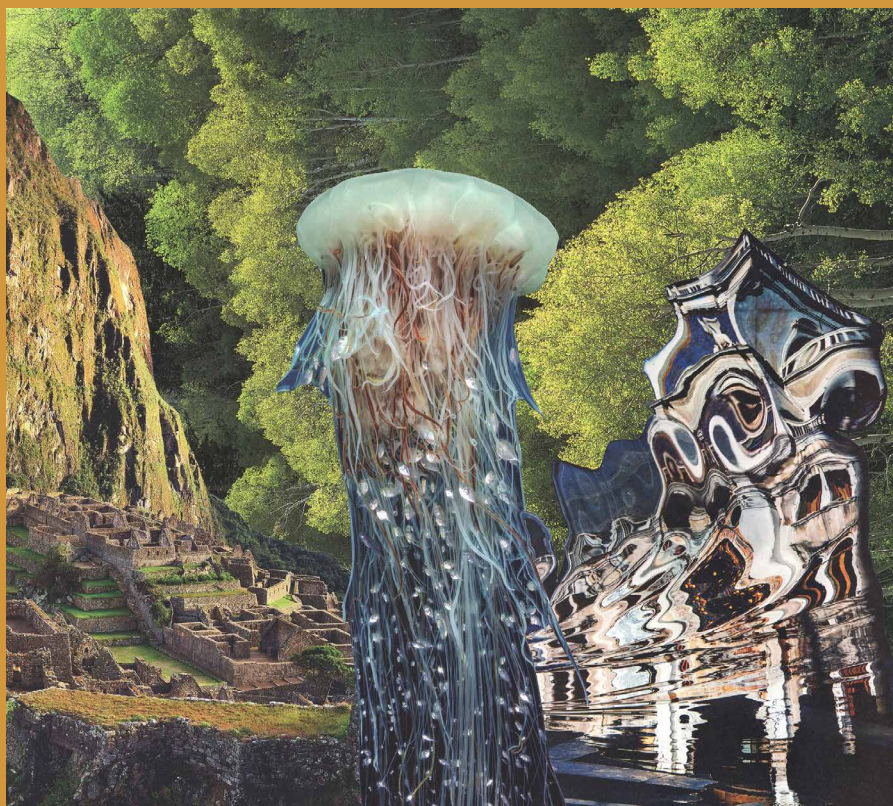
but change,

which is the

only permanent thing

in this world.

Luna Maluna Gri is an Austrian multimedia artist, who was born and lives in Vienna. Her goal is to make people feel, make them think, and scrutinize the beliefs they were taught. To broaden their minds and stretch their way of thinking.



This paper collage speaks to the rise and fall of civilization. I worry the destruction we've inflicted on mother earth is irreparable. The flags of injustice, inequality, and ignorance fly high. Must we tear the planet down, tear each other down, and continue to pretend one person is more valuable than another?



Handmade Paper Collage





T H A N K T H A N K

Optical Artifacts
 Abbie "AJ" Roy
 Ana Torres
 Andrea Valdivia
 Ashley
 Bontés Divines
 Brenzy
 Brian Michael Barbeito
 Camille Baczynski
 Cassio

Celeste Alvarez
 Cody Cupman
 Cross (JSQS, primo, skull-
 snpetals, 100V!rtues+1)
 Curtis Bergesen
 Danni Wright
 Dolce Belcourt
 Elias García (Svtvra)
 Eloisa Claire Sicat
 Emily Callahan

Emma Conlon
 Erin Williams
 Georgios Varoutsos
 Grace Comia
 Hal Williams
 Heloísa de Melo
 Ingrid Zijlema
 Irina Tall (Novikova)
 Jennifer Willoughby
 Kayla Greene



Layan Dajani	Michael Highway	Sebastian Taylor	Yannie Gu
Leo Cabal	Milly Aburrow	Seigar	Zora Lewiz Link
Leonie Bellini	Miriam Martinez	Simran Kaur	
Lex Owens	Monica Loney	sophy	and
Luke Young	Nathalia García	Susan Hoppner	all of those
Luna Maluna Gri	Nazli Abbaspour	Tegan Iversen	who read
Mark Allen	Noll Griffin	Tom Westhead	Polemical
Megan Kennedy	Rachel Hedley	Vaidehi Sadiwala	Zine
Meghan LeVaughn	Rebecca McLaren	Victoria Valuk	
Melissa	Sandra PARIS	Ximena Jimenez	thank you.

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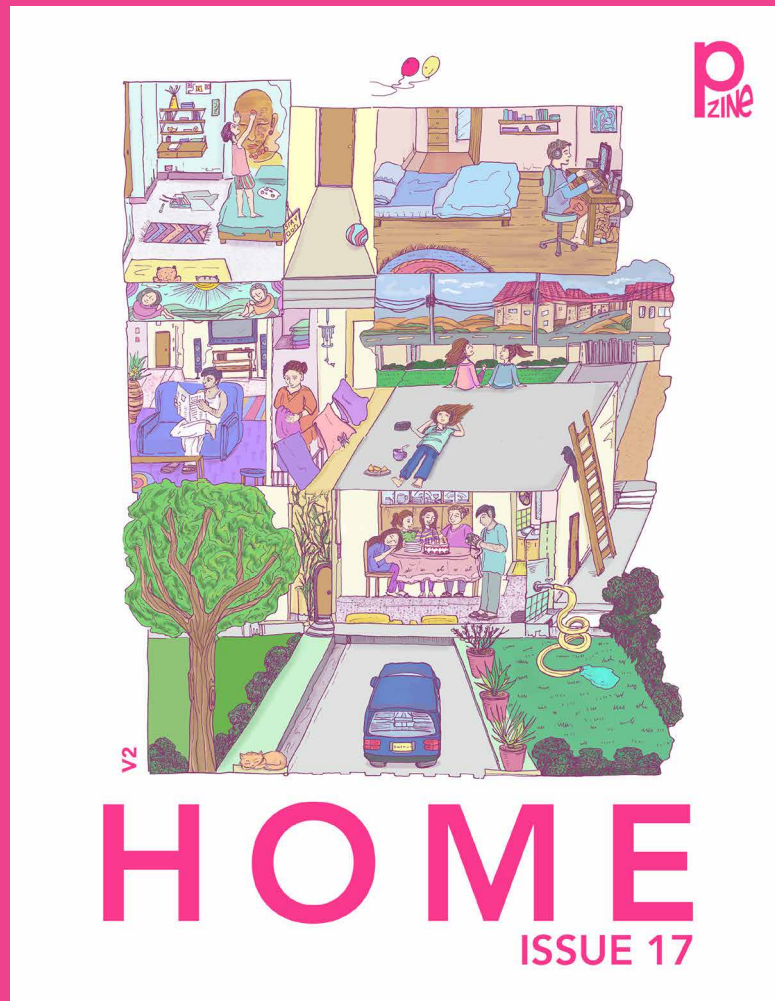
GO CHECK



HOME



OUT THE



ISSUE!



ISSUE 18: CHANGE
NOVEMBER 2022